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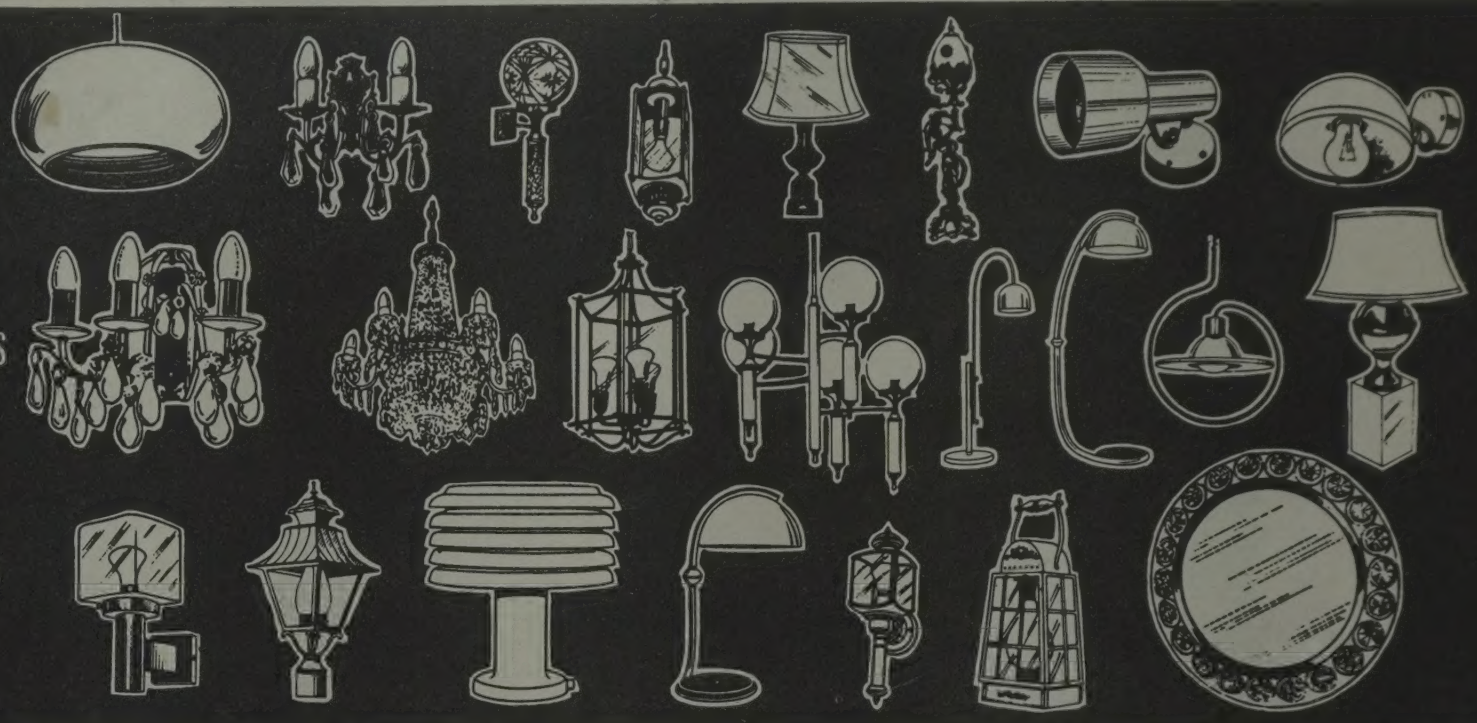

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VOL XXXIII NO. 47 BOMBAY NOV. 24 — 30, 1979

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THIS WEEK

AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?

In recent times there has been a proliferation of short-term career-training courses. How good are these courses? Do they live up to their claims? Do they help you get a job? Do they train you for the job? A discussion with students, organizers and employers.
Page 13.

WORKING CHILDREN

Forced to fend for themselves and, often, their families, the members of the child labour force grow old early and their hopes die young. What has been done for them in the International Year of the Child?
Page 60.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY!

Children's parties needn't be a strain on your pocket or nerves to be unique and exciting. A guide to fun parties that the kids will enjoy helping prepare for.
Page 34.

FREE SEX

Sexual mores vary in different parts of the world. Interviews with wives of foreign diplomats provide an insight into the prevailing ideas in their countries.
Page 19.

ALSO

Artist of the Month: Santosh Jain — **Page 17** Knitting: A cardigan for him — **Page 21** Step by Step Cookery: Open sandwiches, good party fare — **Page 29** Woman in Focus: Priya Mascarenhas — **Page 47** Film Interview: Amjad Khan — **Page 49** Beauty Contests: Reports from Bangalore, Madras and Hyderabad — **Page 58.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**9**, Readers' Voice/**11**, Heart to Heart/**23**, Comics/**33**, Fashion/**36**, Young Viewpoint/**39**, Cookery/**41**, That's a Laugh/**47**, Short Story/**50**, What's New/**56**, Answers to Quiz 6/**63**, Beauty/**64**, In My Own Write/**65**, Frankly Speaking/**67**, People & Events/**68**, Horoscope/**70**, Quiz 7/**70**.

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

EYES TO SEE

Recently an unusual and what, to some, may seem a bizarre theft, took place at the Mayo Hospital in Nagpur. Eyes from bodies sent to the mortuary were stolen. The neatness with which the job was done indicates that it took place in the hospital and one may conclude that the 'stolen goods' found their way into the eye-bank. If this is, indeed, what happened, there is, I feel, an alleviating factor however outrageous the act must seem to the bereaved relatives. Doctors in our country are hampered in their work of restoring vision to the blind, by the lack of corneas needed for grafting. Most of the corneas used here are imported from Ceylon. Our religious sentiments, it seems, prevents us from donating our eyes although this would bring untold hope and happiness into the dark world of the blind. We fail to understand that medical advances now hailed as noble achievements have very often been made in the teeth of religious opposition. Vesalius, the Father of Anatomy, stole bodies from gallows and graves in order to learn more about the anatomy of the body. The church persecuted and hounded him all his life. There have been other luminaries like him in the history of medicine. The example set by them should inspire and guide us and embolden us to break religious taboos where necessary.

LEELA RAMASWAMY, Bangalore

Alleviating the situation — and meeting the surgeon's need — by stealing human organs is not quite a commendable thing. We agree of course, that religious and traditional taboos should be cast aside, especially for a cause as noble and vital as this. People must be educated and reassured, so that they may come forward to donate their bodies, or those of their loved ones, without fear or hesitation.

2nd PRIZE

WHY CAN'T THE WIDOW

Today, Hindu Law accepts widow re-marriage as legal but the attitude of married, orthodox women remains the same. In fact a woman's attitude to a recent widow re-marriage was: "If she needs a companion, why does she not sleep with one, instead of re-marrying." But, if a widow sleeps with a man, eyebrows are raised and comments are passed. Then, why can she not re-marry for security, would it not be better? Although women are considered equal to men today and Woman's Lib is doing so much for a woman to rise in society, why this attitude towards widow re-marriage and that, too, from women?

Many people want to know how a widow can re-marry and live a new life, forgetting her late husband. Does anyone ask this of a widower? Does he not forget his late wife? Both are human beings, both have feelings and they can never forget their late spouses. Therefore, if they re-marry, it is only for companionship which they miss and nothing more.

I do not feel anyone has a right to say anything to a woman who is thinking of re-marriage, especially if her relatives and her near and dear ones have accepted it. I see no reason why she has to brood for her late husband, when a widower can enjoy a new life.

NILIMA A. HEMMADY, Bombay

A widow, like a divorcee, often constitutes a threat to the secure, married woman. That may be one reason why widow re-marriage is vehemently attacked. Then again it was the male who decreed the widow to be an ill-omened object, fit only for the dump-heap. Maybe this thinking was passed on to women who were brain-washed into believing it.

3rd PRIZE

THOSE GRACIOUS ARTS

I was telling an Englishwoman, who was our guest for a few days, what a wealth of knitting patterns they have to choose from out of their women's magazines. She laughed and said, "You'd be amazed how few take advantage of the same. As a rule they go out and buy ready-made stuff". Life has become so busy that few have the time for these joyous pastimes except perhaps the very old. The same can be said of cooking. Though servants are becoming a vanishing species, few women cook without complaining. According to Thomas Wolfe, "There is no spectacle on earth more appealing than that of a beautiful woman in the act of cooking dinner for someone she loves". Now it is a common assertion, "I hate cooking". As for stitching and embroidery, the less said the better. Nathaniel Hawthorne felt "It is a token of gentle and healthy characteristics when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, specially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied". Now everyone is rushing to buy ready-made goods and those gracious arts are becoming more and more a thing of the past. It is now said that it is easier to find a needle in a haystack than in the hands of a woman! I hope our women's magazines will continue to encourage this fine art by providing good patterns and instructions.

DORIS FREY, Bareilly

Well, maybe the Western woman has no time to knit or cook or embroider. But the Indian woman has both the time and the inclination, and she does indulge in all the gracious arts. She even makes other useful and decorative things for the house and often generates a small income in these inflated times. Did you see our Special Issue on Do It-Yourself Crafts (Nov. 3)?

HOUSEWIVES, UNITE

Prices have again started showing an upward trend and non-availability of essential commodities has become the rule of the day.

Anti-price rise agitations or threats of deterrent punishments do not seem to be effective. In fact, the need of the hour is an organised, planned and strong consumer-resistance movement. The wonders which such a movement can achieve, cannot be achieved by slogans, agitations or demonstrations, although these do help in focussing the attention of authorities. All the women's organisations should join together and launch a movement against the soaring prices. There should be a total and peaceful boycott of vegetable, fruit and foodgrain dealers continuously for at least a fortnight. A sustained effort by all housewives will make the dealers come to their senses.

The time is now ripe for us to act. Let us rise as one and sacrifice our wants for a few days to launch a massive, peaceful attack and be the spectators to a crashing group of black-marketeers and hoarders. Will some political party take up this worthy movement immediately?

SABITA PRITHVIRAJ, Bombay.

Yes, but who is going to bell the cat? The movement you talk of will never take off the ground if each woman is going to say "I can't manage without tomatoes or butter or mutton". . . or whatever. And women say this because their families want these commodities, so, it's not only the housewives but the husbands and children, too, who must come forward and say, "To hell with it — we'll do without these things until the prices come down."

Sunny smiles...changing times

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READERS' VOICE

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TOO MANY COOKS

I wish you would cut down on the cookery pages. By now we all have hundreds and thousands of recipes but nobody has the time or the inclination to try out even one per cent of the recipes published. Nor can we afford to buy a fraction of the ingredients mentioned. You can occasionally give us a lesson, illustrated step by step, on some basic dish or festival speciality. But too many recipes spoil the cook. We would rather have more sewing and tailoring lessons, including the paper pattern.

PARVATI MENON, Ottapalam.

THE DEHUMANIZING OF MEDICINE

The article, "Relax and it will not hurt", about one person's experience of the callousness of medical personnel performing abortions (October 6), was a stunning revelation of the total collapse of our moral and social standards and values. The exposure of the degenerate state of sections of the medical profession, completely devoid of all human considerations and absorbed in the unethical pursuit of money by any means, makes sad reading. The Medical Section of the Social Services Department of "Ashirvad" at 30, St. Mark's Road Cross, Bangalore-1 (Tel. 50154) would be glad to render all possible sympathetic help and ethical specialist advice to anyone in need of such assistance.

DR. M. JOHN, Bangalore.

INDO-JAPANESE WEDDING

The article, "Indian Style Wedding for a Japanese Couple", by Jyotsana Kapoor (October 13), states that the father of the Japanese bride, Masumi, was a well-to-do dry clearner in Tokyo. It seems strange that for such a grand wedding ceremony, the 'kanyadaan' was performed, not by the bride's father, but by a senior officer of the I.T.D.C.

HILDA A. ROZARIO, Madras.

PEPPERED COMMENT

The article by Anna Joseph, "Of Political Clowns And Lusty Zindabads" (October 13), was very well written, beautifully worded, nicely peppered and gingered, full of humour and sarcasm, written at the right moment when the general elections are not too far away.

To this, as another disgusted and disappointed housewife, may I add; what if only a few reels of "Kissa Kursi Ka" were destroyed? Is this not being enacted by the pot-bellied, greedy and ambitious politicians we have today? What has been happening in the last few months in Delhi is so humiliating. And to think that, for a while, a woman was conducting a puppet show, toppling now one and the next moment another! In our present confused state of mind, do we have to look up to a woman again to put these crazy power-hungry men in their right places?

MAYA KAMAT, Pune.

LUSTY ZINDABADS

Kindly convey my heartiest congratulations to Anna Joseph for writing an excellent and, of course, most interesting article, "Of Political Clowns And Lusty Zindabads" (October 13). We expect and eagerly await such lively articles in future issues also.

M. R. S. BAJWA, Meerut.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF DEC. 1

WOMEN IN VIETNAM

An intimate look at the attitudes to and status of women in this war-torn country.

OH TO BE A NAVAL WIFE!

It's not all a bunk of roses, says one who has experienced it. Transfers often make separation, with its attendant problems, a tedious reality. But many navy wives are now taking to careers seriously and making waves in them.

WHAT'S IN A SHAMPOO?

Do the shampoos on the market really contain all they claim to? And, worse, do they contain un-named ingredients that could harm your hair? Get to know your shampoo. A Consumer Awareness feature.

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SHORT-TERM COURSES: do they help?

Rochelle D'Souza

After graduation, what? An agony of indecision begins to beat an insistent tattoo on one's peace of mind. After four relatively secure years in college, the thought of being tossed out into the world, without a rudder, can be quite disconcerting to say the least.

And yet today, as never before, such a variety of short-term professional courses are being conducted all over in the major cities, that the question "which one shall I choose?" becomes all-important. Some bear exotic names, like old wine in new bottles. The inevitable Secretarial Course, for example, is called Junior Executive Course. The choices are endless, and the list goes on. In one institution, Journalism, Public Relations, Cinema, T. V. and Broadcasting go collectively under the impressive title, "Social Communication Media." There are short-term courses, too, in Textile Designing, Travel and Tourism, Business Management, Catering, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Computer Programming, Languages, and a variety of other careers.

The purpose of this probe is to find out just how useful and effective these courses are, and how much or how little students benefit by them.

Most of the students join these courses with the idea of taking up jobs in these chosen professions. While they do agree that at the end of the course they are somewhat acquainted with the line, they are vehement about the utter futility of spending (not to say wasting) a whole year trying to learn in a class-room what could be learned, probably much better and in less time, on the job itself.

According to Ashlev D'Mello, an articulate young man who has just completed a course in Journalism at the Xavier Institute of Communication, Bombay, there are several major flaws in the way the course is being conducted. He complained that there was just too much theory to be studied, starting from the History of Journalism to the Main Trends in Journalism today. One look at the brochure is enough to set the mind whirling.

"All this is quite unnecessary," he says. Consequently, there is just not enough practical work done. Whatever they do by way of practicals, is confined to the writing of a few book-reviews, upon which they are graded. Ironically enough, he says, they got the better grades on the books they had not read, but which they had heard discussed in class. This view was endorsed by Marcellus Baptista, who also passed through the same Institute and has a regular humour column in "Major" magazine and is now a reporter with the "Free Press Bulletin".

"The students", he said, "get no practice in subbing or proof-reading whatsoever." Whatever they are taught through the year could be learnt over a period of a month or so, sitting in a library and reading relevant books on the subject. Again, there is no practical experience in reporting or feature-writing, no guidance in developing a style or improving in any way.

What he found most helpful about the course were the contacts that he established with the bigwigs of journalism through the guest-lecturers who were invited occasionally. It is these contacts, if at all, which will help them get jobs as staffers on leading newspapers and magazines, he says.

IT'S NOT THAT TRAINING ISN'T USEFUL. IT IS THE KIND OF TRAINING AVAILABLE HERE THAT IS POINTLESS, SAY STUDENTS OF PROFESSIONAL COURSES

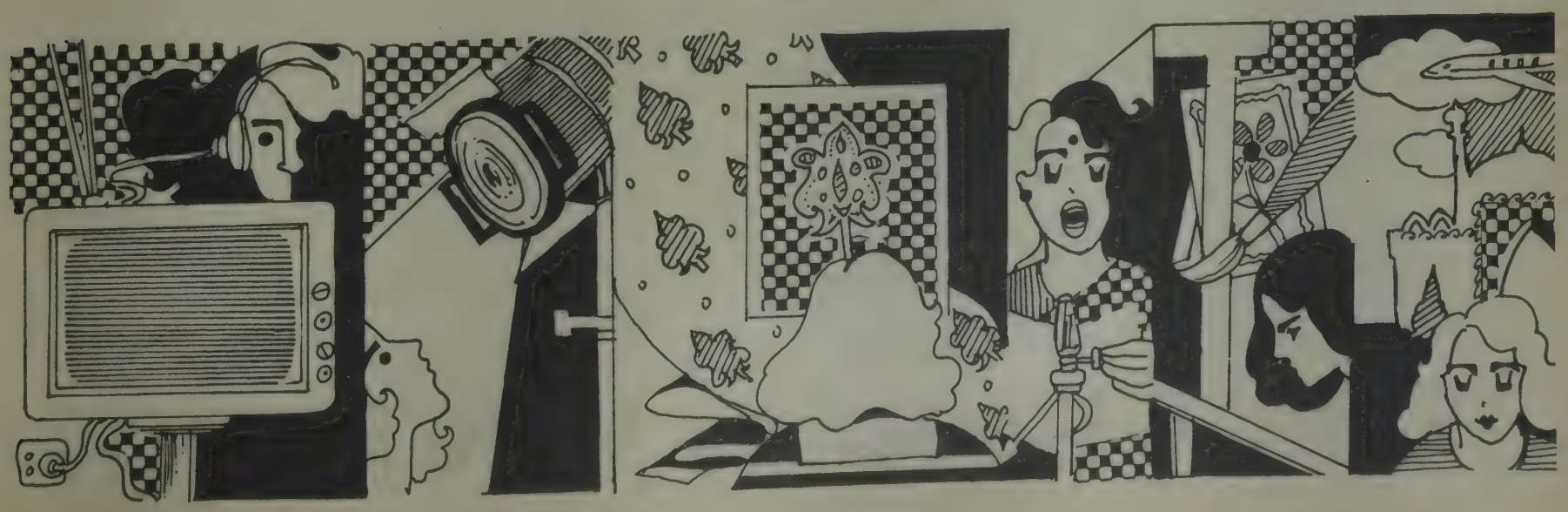
Vinod Mehta, Editor of "Deboniar", agreed that courses of this sort have only a limited value. At best, they give a student a vague concept of the ideal, but they are a long way off from reality. He does not think that a student with a course in Journalism behind him will necessarily make a good journalist. "No one can teach you how to write; either one can or one can't. Everything depends on how strongly a person feels about something and how well he can express himself. The rest comes with time, practice and definitely by reading good journalism," he said.

Mr. Mehta is not alone in this view, even among his contemporaries, but the great weight of official opinion persists in regarding these courses as indispensable if one wants to make a life-time career of these professions. This only focuses attention on the naivety and unconcern of employers, who ought to know how little is being taught in these courses, yet never fail to recommend them when their guidance is sought. They feel that a course can help you polish your writing, if you have the basic grasp of the language and the talent.

The Dean of the Xavier Institute of Communication, Fr. Gerry d'Rozario, gave me the brochure of the Institute as an introduction to the courses he conducts. "The course helps students develop an understanding of the media. We attempt to strike a balance between the theory and practice of the social communication media," he said. It seems, however, that while the ends are noble, as far as the students are concerned, the means to the end are hardly satisfactory.

Fr. Rozario insisted that the learning process could be helped by the course. He drew an analogy from the fact that doctors and engineers study for several years before attempting practical work, and said journalists need to study, too. Rozario belongs to the school of thought which believes that aptitude for journalism is not something inborn, or innate but rather comes through training, as in any other profession. The Dean's ultimate viewpoint was that a course in journalism, as in any other media, is beneficial, and therefore important and necessary.

A working journalist who has had experience of a communications diploma course in India and a journalism degree course in the U.S. suggests that a major flaw in the courses in journalism here is that there is no screening before admission. She feels only people who have a command over the language should be admitted



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HMV STEREO SYSTEMS

SHORT-TERM COURSES: DO THEY HELP?

into such courses — language is the basic tool of a journalist and a thorough knowledge of it is an obvious prerequisite. Instead, she says, all kinds of people are taken in and it is but natural that they don't turn out very well. Professional training can only direct, channelize and polish your ability and talent. She admits that journalism courses in India don't even aim at such professional training and instead concentrate on meaningless theories, but says "that doesn't mean **training** isn't useful. It is the kind of 'training' available here that is pointless."

Students enrolled for the cinema and broadcasting courses find job opportunities at Akashvani and Doordarshan. But since the set-up at both places is, according to Fr. Rozario, "so drab and bureaucratic," the atmosphere can be quite stifling; hence several turn to advertising, and making commercial films for advertisers.

The Sophia College-Basant Kumar Somani Polytechnic in Bombay also conducts several short-term professional courses which come under the Directorate of Art and the Directorate of Technical Education; but they also have their Institute courses, which are totally autonomous. Speaking to one of the heads of this Institute, I discovered that what they considered their best courses are the four-year course in Commercial Art and the two-year course in Textile Designing, though these can hardly be called "short-term" courses.

These students get absorbed in industry as visualisers, copy-printers, freelancers, designers and finishing artists in advertising. This is a highly competitive field, and unless one is very good, one won't make the grade. Only those with true potential will make it. The gift must be developed by dint of hard work, as talent alone is not enough. The students taking this course did agree that it was "pretty intensive," and "very thorough." They were very pleased about the course in general, and felt that when they do get jobs eventually, they will find the training a great asset.

The college offers post-graduate courses of one year's duration in Social Communication Media (SCM) and Travel and Tourism. Those doing the former course mainly take up journalism or T. V. programming as careers later on.

In the SCM course, students, within the period of a year, are expected to study the basic concepts of Advertising, Public Relations, Cinema, Television and Broadcasting and Journalism. The result is that at the end of the year they do not know very much about anything, but have only a nodding acquaintance with the media in general.

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The SCM course at Sophia's offers training of six weeks' duration to students wishing to take up journalism as a career. These students are sent to a magazine or newspaper, where they get trained and can put into practice what they have learnt in their theory lessons. This is possible since the SCM course at Sophia's is a full-time course. Since theirs is an evening course catering mainly to working students, St. Xavier's cannot offer the same facility to their students.

The course in Travel and Tourism is very popular since most students harbour the misconception that a diploma is a pass-port to a glamorous job in the airlines. Very few students reveal a desire to take up jobs at the Department of Tourism.

The students I spoke to complained about the unending syllabus, which in Travel and Tourism includes a great deal of Indian History and Culture — namely, Indian Music, Dance, Philosophy, Religions, Customs, Ceremonies, the whole works. Apart from this, they learn travel formalities, fare constructions, ticketing and other miscellaneous subjects, to equip them for a job in the airlines or in travel agencies.

At least three of the girls I met were still jobless, nearly five months after having completed the course. But it was pointed out to me at one institute, "We make it very clear to our students that we do not guarantee jobs of any kind. While our students may appear dissatisfied, we too have reason to complain about the ignorance of our so-called graduates and the poor standard of the applicants. Most of them are not motivated for the course they choose. We therefore, test the I.Q. of our students, their sociability and whether or not they are able to stand the strain of working and dealing with people."

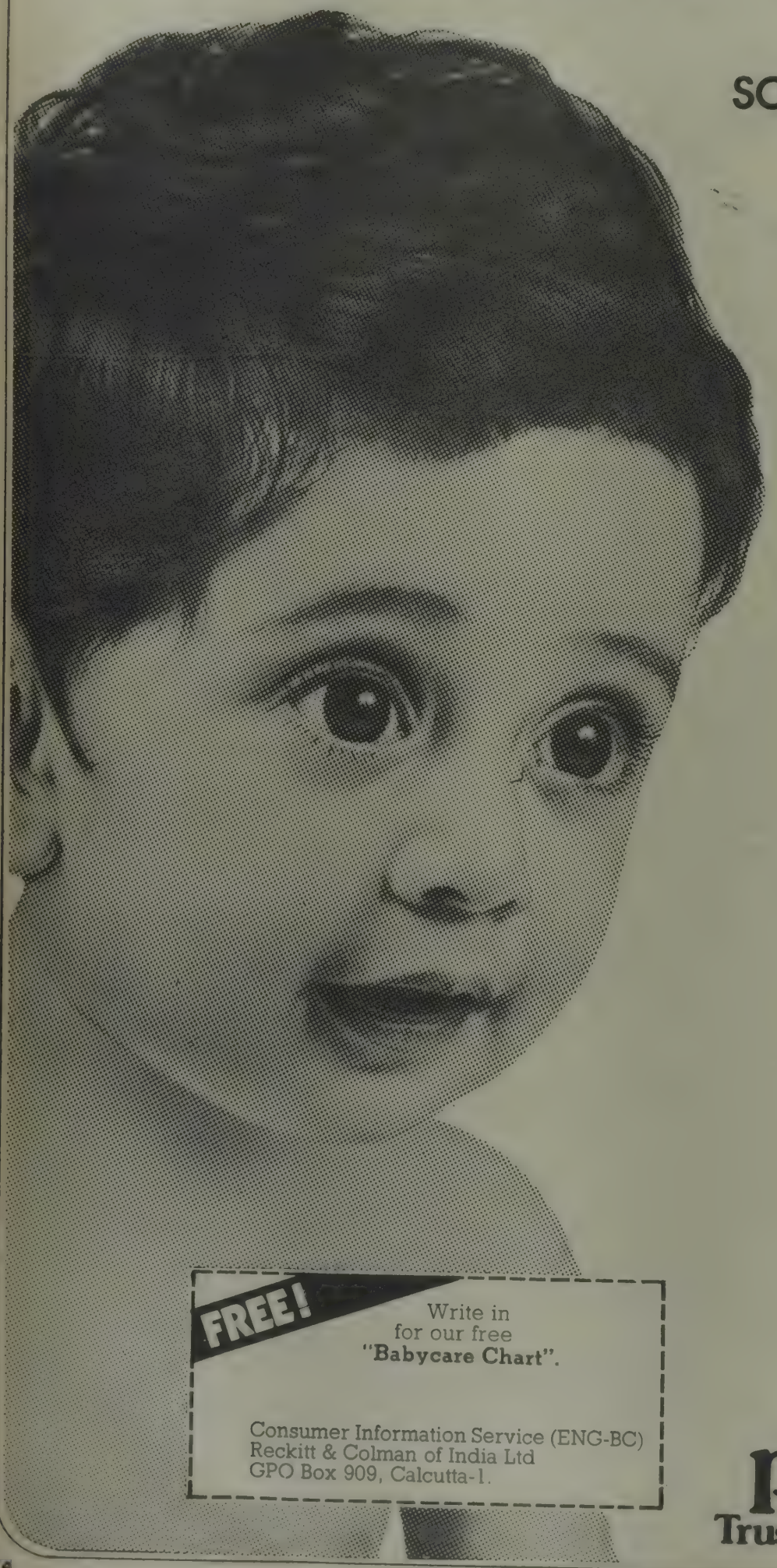
As far as job opportunities are concerned, there is a large element of luck. "But these are definitely job-oriented courses. Our students save training time while on the job and thus fall in with office routines much faster."

Sunita Pillai, a 21-year-old, decided to do a short-term course in Business Management instead of doing her M.A. "Those who top the class are assured of getting good jobs," she said. But in business, one is constantly dealing with people, and the sample labour problems explored in the classroom can never repeat themselves in exactly the same way in the hardened business world. The students get a smattering into the profession, but the complicated routines they learn are of little relevance as management trainees and businessmen rarely find any use for such information in their daily transactions. They must learn everything, nevertheless, as part of the course. It would be better, she feels, if the course concentrated on the fundamental concepts of Business Administration as they do in the States, rather than on miscellaneous theoretical information.

Deepak Arora, doing a course in Computer Programming after graduating in Commerce, complained about the way it is run. "In a course of four months' duration, students learn hardly anything," he said. "It is like a crash course in which you get the feeling at the end that you know even less than you knew at the beginning." Yet, he did point out that if the course was of a longer duration, students would not join it at all. He very cynically said that in India, there are job opportunities "if one has the pull. But there is a great demand in the West and even more in the Gulf countries for those who have done this course."

It is impossible in so short an article to go into the pros and cons of the multitudinous professional courses available. It may be seen however that professional courses teach students more than they need to know, yet, ironically enough, what they do learn is of little relevance when they go out into the world and try for jobs. In spite of all these short-comings, however, professional courses are here to stay. These courses are a relatively new thing in India, and one can hope that with time they will improve. Better results can only be expected if they keep in mind the demands of industry and the grievances of the students.

You cannot see your baby's worst enemies

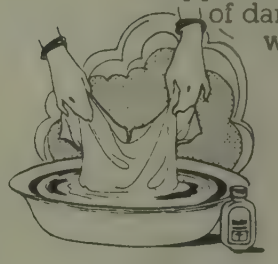


But won't you do something about them?

Your baby spent the first few months of life protected from the harsh environment by your body. Then suddenly, he emerged into a world teeming with dangerous germs and diseases. It takes time for baby's natural defence mechanisms to develop to the stage of being able to fight these germs successfully. That's why you need to take these special precautions to protect your baby.

For nappies, bibs and linen

Nappies and linen can harbour all sorts of dangerous germs. And ordinary water cannot wash these away.



Simply add a little Dettol to your baby's clothes wash. Dettol acts quickly to disinfect your baby's linen, bibs and nappies.

For cots and prams

Germs from the atmosphere are forever settling down on your baby's cot and pram. The presence of left over food particles provides ideal breeding ground for such dangerous bacteria.

Pour a little Dettol into water and wipe down all such potential sources of infection regularly.

For wiping floors

Your baby's first form of movement is crawling on floors. And you know just how unhygenic that could prove to be.

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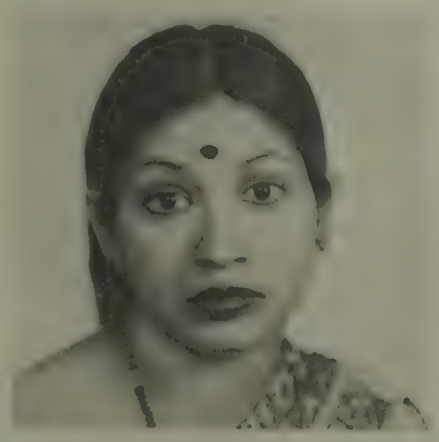
ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

SANTOSH JAIN

EMPATHY WITH NATURE

Malati Jaikumar



The etchings of Santosh Jain are a whirl of soft, muted shades blended and merging with more vibrant and darker ones. A fine and painstaking artist, Santosh specialises in colour etching which is one of the most intricate and interesting fields of Fine Arts.

Born in New Delhi in 1949, she has spent all her years in the capital. She has participated in various All-India exhibitions since 1968 and has already established a reputation for herself as a young and talented painter and graphic artist.

She was a young student of the 6th class in Lady Irwin School when she chanced to take part in Shanker's On the Spot Competition and much to her pleasure and surprise she won, if not the first prize, at least one of the other prizes. The brushes, paints and certificate she got as the reward, inspired her to paint more. She went on to win more awards in Shanker's International Competitions and a special award from the U.S.S.R. By the time she finished school she was sure of her love and aptitude for painting. So she joined the College of Art in New Delhi and got a First Class Diploma in Fine Arts in 1971.

While Santosh was still in her third year of Fine Arts, her print was selected for an exhibition by the Lalit Kala Akademi. Her very early works are vivid and compelling but show an immature streak in the slashes of red that run across the prints. All her later works however are wonderfully mature and intensely beautiful.

Santosh specialises in landscapes and each print captures a breathtaking moment of Nature in all her beauty. She has depicted Nature calm, peaceful, turbulent stormy, veiled in mists, snow or rain, with proud mountains, or foaming salt sprays. It is the total aura that she has so effectively captured and not merely the details — for while details can be seen and registered by the eye, it is the soul of nature that often passes unnoticed. It is this soul, this personality of nature, which Santosh offers to the viewer.

Santosh uses soft, gentle colours and it is strangely exhilarating to see the soft blues, greys, and pinks dissolve into blue black, flame or orange. The mountain tops stand stark and dazzling white and one can almost feel the magnificence of the snow-capped peaks in all their majestic splendour. Since colour plays such a vital role in her etchings it is very difficult to convey the effect in the black and white photographs reproduced here, but they do convey the beauty of the lines and the painstaking labour behind each flawless print.

Santosh had her first solo exhibition in 1973 under the auspices of Group 8 — an association of Indian working artists devoted to printmaking. It was also as part of an exhibition of this group that some works by Santosh were first seen and appreciated abroad, namely in the United Kingdom in 1973.

In 1975 Santosh was awarded a Netherlands Government Fellowship in Fine Arts (Graphics) enabling her to study at the Gerrit Rietveld Academy in Amsterdam. During her stay in Europe she participated in the Biennale Exhibition which took place in France in 1975. She also held a solo exhibition in Paris the same year, and held another in Amsterdam just before her return to India in February 1976.

Continued on page 27

RIGHT: "Sea-moods."

BELOW: "Light of Hope."

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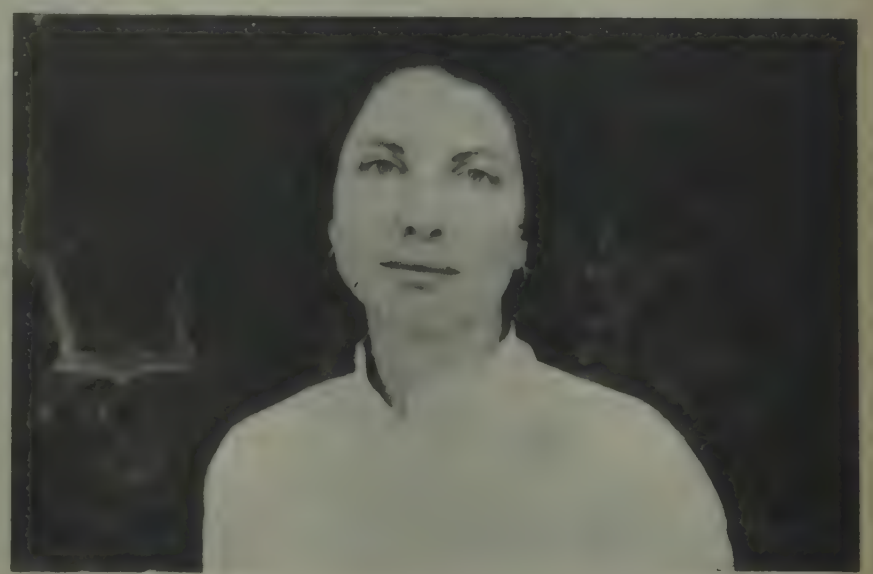

Mrs. Chang Sook Pak from South Korea.

Mrs. Padma Gharburan from Mauritius

Even talking of sex is immoral in India, even in an age when free sex is being openly practised in the West and, well, covertly even in the East.

"Uninhibited civilized people whether men or women, are generally polygamous in their instincts," Bertrand Russel had said about half a century ago, and had recommended a liberalisation and rationalisation of the traditional concept of morality. How is his recommendation relished by the people of the world and how do they feel about the liberalisation of age-old moral values?

With this in mind, I interviewed a few wives of foreign diplomats in India. A diplomat's wife may perhaps be taken as a representative of her countrys' men and women. The difference between the orient and the occident would be apparent in their attitude to sex.

Let us start our journey from the Eastern horizon and keep pace with the rising sun. Mrs. Chanj Sook Pak, wife of the South Korean Ambassador, was full of reservations about this subject. When I asked her opinion about free sex, she tried to evade the issue with a blush. When I insisted on an answer, she expressed her aversion to free sex. "I think people should refrain from free sex" was her terse comment. "But perhaps I am influenced by oriental philosophy," she added.

From Korea, the renowned "Land of morning calm," let us move, westward, skipping India, which we all know, and stop at Mauritius, that small island in the Indian Ocean where the majority of the population is of Indian origin.

Padma Gharburan, of Tamil descent, is the wife of the Mauritian High Commissioner. She was eloquent about the virtues of a decent marriage and then settling down with the husband and having children born in wedlock. To her, "indulgence in free sex reflects a broken home, a mental sickness."

Did it mean then that to have free sex is abnormal? Yes, it is, according to her standards. "I believe in true love. In true love sex is incidental. Even in my country we marry for love. We are not forced into marriages.

Continued on page 27

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Allwyn Dresses,
Tan-Man Topiwalla,
Geeta Dresses.

FERREIRA ASSOCIATES SC-1

Sporty Overtones

A smart cardigan, with ribbed collar, in attractive colour combination

MATERIALS:

Raymond's knitting yarn 'Cashmilon' 4 ply: 6 balls White, 4 balls Maroon 210, 4 balls Brown 307. (25 grams each). Knitting needles no. 10, no. 11 and no. 12. 4 buttons to match.

MEASUREMENTS:

Chest: 91.5 cm., length 62 cm., sleeve seam 45 cm.

TENSION:

7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 cm. measured over st. st. on No. 10 needles.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. = knit; P. = purl; st. st. = stocking stitch; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; rep. = repeat; beg. beginning; alt. = alternate

BACK:

With Brown yarn and no. 12 needles cast on 134 sts. and work in K. 2, p. 2 rib for 10 cm.

Change to no. 10 needles and white yarn and work in st. st. dec. 1 st. at the end of the row.

Work 3 rows (133 sts.).

Join Maroon yarn and work fairisle pattern as follows:

1st pattern row: K. * 3 White, 2 Maroon, rep. from * end with k. 3 White.

2nd pattern row: P. 2 White, 1 Maroon, * 2 White, 1 Maroon, 1 White, 1 Maroon, rep. from * till last 5 sts. end with p. 2 White, 1 Maroon, 2 White.

3rd pattern row: K. 1 White, 1 Maroon, * 4 White, 1 Maroon, rep. from * till last st., k. 1 White.

4th pattern row: As 2nd row.

5th pattern row: As 1st row, fasten off Maroon yarn.

Continue with White yarn and st. st. till work measures 34 cm. from cast on edge, ending with a p. row.

Work 5 rows of Maroon and White fairisle pattern as before once more, leave Maroon yarn.

Work 5 rows in st. st. in White, then pick up Maroon yarn and work 4 rows in st. st. in Maroon, dec. 1 st. at the end of last row (132 sts.). Then work fairisle pattern as follows:

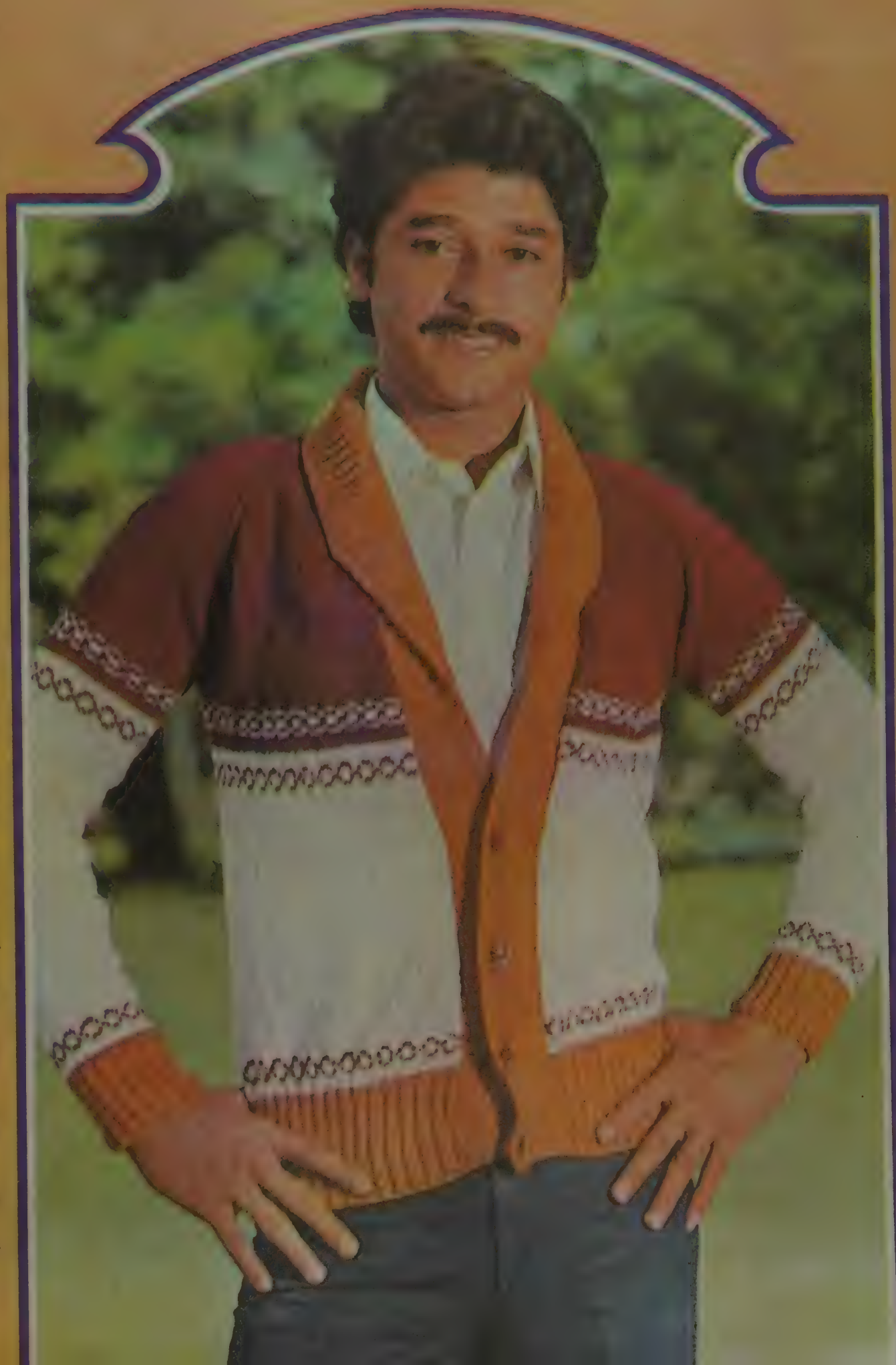
1st row: K. 2 Maroon * 3 White, 2 Maroon, rep. from * till end of row.

2nd row: P. * 2 White, 3 Maroon, rep. from * end with p. 2 White.

3rd row: K. as 1st row.

4th row: P. working colours as they are in 3rd row.

5th row: K. 2 White. * 3 Ma-



Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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HEART TO HEART

Confide your personal problems to Dr. Mahinder Watsa, c/o Eve's Weekly. Dr. Watsa is a leading sex and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight

MYTHS ABOUT TUBAL LIGATION

I had decided to have my tubes tied but today some close friends dropped in and remarked, "You won't have any more sexual desire." Is this true?

There are many myths and misunderstandings regarding the most popular permanent contraception method in the world — tubal ligation. I presume your doctor has already explained to you the different ways in which the operation can be done, and you have, with the doctor's advice, chosen one. Besides the question you ask, many women also remark, "I won't be feminine," "Hair will grow on my face," "My period will stop after my tubes are tied." These are only a few of the notions people have, but of course, this thinking is all wrong and has no scientific basis. This surgical procedure does not affect the production and secretion of female hormones. Cutting and tying the fallopian tubes does not stop menstruation or bring about an early change of life (menopause). There is no loss of feminity nor growth of hair on the face. A woman's menstrual cycle goes on as before till natural menopause occurs. As for a woman's sexual desire, it may actually increase as she is able to enjoy sex without fear of pregnancy.

SEX AFTER HYSTERECTOMY

For several years we have had a happy sex life. Now my doctor has advised removal of the womb. I am afraid that my husband will not love me any more since our sexual relations will be disturbed. Please advise.

The removal of the womb, known as hysterectomy, involves the removal of an organ which

YOU CAN BE HAPPILY MARRIED

in most instances has served its function in life to act as a **home** for the foetus till birth. Well conducted studies confirm that vaginal lubrication during sexual excitement can be just as copious without the uterus. Also the inner vagina can expand and dilate whether the uterus is present or not, and finally, orgasm can be of the same intensity as before the hysterectomy.

Therefore you need not have fears of continuing a happy and successful married life. However, there is no denying that some women will attribute their lack of sexual interest to the hysterectomy — these need to see a counsellor.

IS THIS TRUE?

I have been told that eating garlic in excess makes one more interested in sex. Is this true?

Many spices have been credited with the power to arouse sexual desires. There is no scientific data to indicate their efficiency, but they all work — provided you believe in them. More effective, I feel, are books and pictures which stimulate the mind towards sex.

SELF-CONFIDENCE WILL HELP

I had sexual intercourse at the age of 15. It was done in innocence but now the thought makes me fearful and I feel I will not be able to marry. Am I really not fit to marry? What will be the after effects of this? Was this rape or premarital sex?

Perhaps it is the fault of society that does not recognize the necessity for imparting sex knowledge to young people so that they are not caught, due to ignorance and innocence, in a situation of your kind. You have been wise to share your fears because it must be a tremendous emotional disturbance and suffering in silence — perhaps quite needlessly.

Rest assured that you are as fit to marry as any other girl in spite of this incident. You should forget the past and concentrate on your future. Whether you plan to marry or work, your self-confidence and faith in yourself will help you. No after effects could have occurred because of the incident since you are having regular periods and you are quite healthy.

You want to know whether it was rape or premarital sex. Since the incident occurred before the legal age of consent it could be legally considered rape. You have not given details, but I wonder whether the person was a close friend or a relative of the family who came to stay temporarily. Parents should be very careful and not expose their teenage daughters to such situations.

SPORTY OVERTONES

roon, 2 White, rep. from * till end of row.

6th row: P. * 2 Maroon, 3 White, rep. from * end with p. 2 Maroon, fasten off White yarn. Work next 4 rows in st. st. in Maroon.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row till 44 sts. remain. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT:

With Brown yarn and no. 12 needles cast on 73 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib as for back.

Change to no. 10 needles and White yarn starting with a k. row, work 4 rows in st. st.

Then work the Maroon and White fairisle pattern as on the back and continue and work to match pattern as for the back till armhole (before working the last fairisle pattern dec. 1 st.).

Shape Raglan and Neck: Cast off 3 sts., k. across and dec. 1 st. at the end. Now dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in every alt. row and dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every following 4th row, till 50 sts. remain then dec. 1 st. at neck edge and armhole edge on every alt. row till all the sts. are worked off.

RIGHT FRONT:

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES:

With Brown yarn and no. 12 needles cast on 76 sts. and work in k. 2, p. 2 rib for 7 cms.

Change to no. 10 needles and White yarn. Work in st. st., dec. 3 sts. evenly in 1st row (73 sts.).

Work pattern as for back, inc. 1 st. at each end of every 7th row till there are 93 sts., work White portion till sleeve measures 39 cms. from cast on edge, then work the second Maroon and White fairisle pattern as for back, then continue to match back, till armhole.

Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row till 9 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR:

With Brown yarn and no. 11 needles cast on 264 sts. and work 19 rows in k. 2, p. 2 rib.

Next row: Rib 144 sts., turn (leave remaining sts.).

Next row: Rib to end.

Next row: Rib to last 4 sts. of previous row turn.

Rep. last 2 rows 9 times more and then second last row once.

Next row: Rib across all the sts. (including all remaining sts.).

Next row: Rib across all the sts. Cast off.

Similarly work the other half of the collar reversing shapings and work 4 buttonholes in 13th row as follows:

The lower buttonhole should be 4 sts. above the lower end of collar and there should be 26 sts. in between each of the two buttonholes. To work a buttonhole: Cast off 2 sts. and in next row cast on 2 sts. over those cast off.

TO MAKE UP:

Join raglan seams of back and front to raglan of sleeves. Join side and sleeve seams. Join the 2 parts of collar together at the straight edge. Join cast on edge of collar to cardigan, with collar seam at centre back and buttonholes on left front. Sew buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Arnavaz Dhondy

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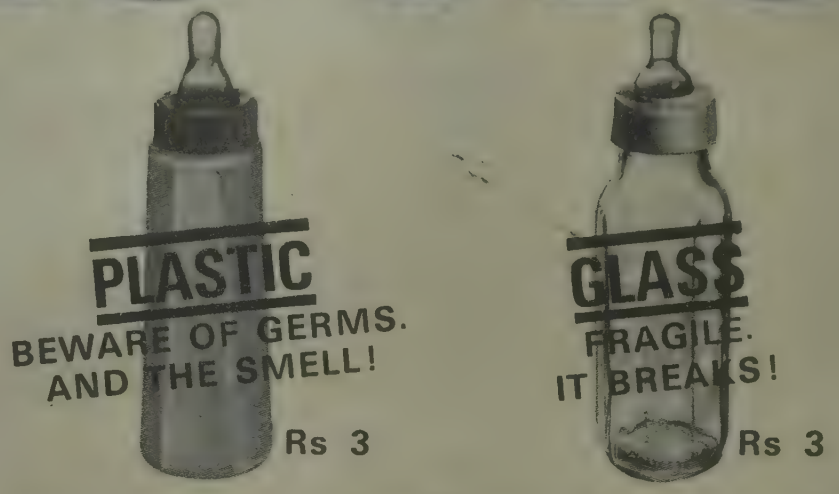

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SURYODAYA C8279

FREE SEX:
Opinions from around the world

Continued from page 19

Marriage is for love, and this is where love and sex combine to make a beautiful life."

From Mauritius, let us cross the Persian Gulf and halt at the United Arab Emirates. Mrs. Louluua Mohammed Sharif Rashed, wife of the Ambassador, embodies the spirit of the Arab world, which is oriental as well as Islamic. She examined the issue from all the angles and came to the conclusion, "We may ask for women's emancipation, but our religion, our tradition and our habits do not permit us to have free sex. Sex is practised only through marriage. Pre-marital sex is not allowed and after marriage there is no scope."

However, she has nothing to say against the freedom of the western world, but for herself she is satisfied being an Eastern, an Arab and a Muslim and so "having sex only through marriage."

Crossing the Arabian desert we touch the shores of the Mediterranean. Now we bid good bye to the eastern world and the oriental philosophy of moral restraint and start on a new world with a stopover at Yugoslavia. Mrs. Liliana Topalosky, wife of the Yugoslav Ambassador, has a very rational attitude towards life. To her the question of free sex is no problem.

"This is an individual problem and has to be decided individually. We do not impose anything on a free human being. We do not condemn nor encourage. Only we try to build responsible, happy and positive human beings, and they decide for themselves. Happiness for one should not be unhappiness for others, so a boy cannot be happy and free and make the girl unhappy. This is a very delicate field, and we are against all pressures in this field."

From Europe we cross the Atlantic and touch the American mainland. The climate is not very different. The people's attitudes are more or less the same.

"It is a personal matter, an individual choice of your life-style, of how you are going to live," Mrs. Nevitt Maybee, wife of the Canadian High Commissioner reiterated the views expressed by Mrs. Liliana Topalosky of Yugoslavia. "What we think about it as a group in Canada is that at last birth control has made it possible for a woman to experiment and get away with it. Men have always been able to do so and that was one of the bases for inequality between men and women. Man could have all the free sex he wanted and it was the woman who had to bear the child as a result of that. Now that she doesn't have to, it is a matter of choice. And I think, it is probably more widely accepted today than it has ever been in the history of North America."

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However, although she doesn't condemn free sex, personally she likes a settled family life and her children also have opted for it, but voluntarily and not under compulsion.

Now let us adjust our calendars and cross the International Date Line. We have completed a full circle, and landed at Australia at last. Here also the freedom of the individual to act according to his/her wishes is acknowledged.

"I think morality should be a personal question to be decided by every individual," said Mrs. Joan Grant, wife of the Australian High Commissioner. The only constraint is that "if you do things, you should be aware of the repercussions. If you are not going to mistreat anyone or hurt anyone and if you behave in an honourable way, you are free to have the type of life you want to. No one has a right to interfere with it."

However people's attitudes and reactions in Australia vary from indignation and condemnation to indifference. Australia appears to be a sort of bridge between East and West, the oriental concept of morality has not yet vanished, but simultaneously the western attitude of free life has also crept in.

It is no use passing judgement on such a delicate issue. As has been said by some of the world representatives, the question of morality is a personal problem to be decided individually. But world opinion does seem to be veering around, slowly but surely, to the Russelian prescription of a liberalisation of traditional morality. Such a liberalisation may redress several of our social and family maladies. It may be the only safeguard against the onslaught of that green-eyed monster, Jealousy.

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 17

Married soon after, she is the mother of two lively children, and is also working as the Head of the Art Department in Springdale School, New Delhi. But her first love is still Graphics and she intends dedicating herself to this field as soon as the children are a little older.

"There is still so much to be done," she says. "When I first joined Fine Arts I thought three years were too long a period and then when it was over I found it was too short. And I am still learning something new."

Santosh does not rest till she gets the right effect and this takes a long time. Once she starts on a print she has to work for seven to eight hours at a stretch. This involves a lot of time, labour and expense, but is well worth the toil when the effect is ultimately captured. After all this, she is justifiably annoyed when people come up to her to complain about the high prices fixed by artists in general. Creativity she feels has to be appreciated. "Art is not a sabzi market where you can haggle. One pays not for a piece of paper but for the emotion and creative work that are etched on the paper and make it valuable both to the creator and the person who views it."

Recently, Santosh has had a solo exhibition in Amsterdam and some group shows in India. She is full of plans for the future and has already invested in a machine for making graphic prints.

As Henri Matisse wrote, "A work of art must carry in itself the significance and message and must impose itself on the beholder even before he can identify the subject matter — the sentiment radiates from the pictures." And so it does.

V.I.P. Interviews—7

'V.I.P.' makes a Spanish Conquest. Olé!

Señorita Carmen Madrariaga* was used to the spotlight.
"A singer who has the world for a stage", the critics raved.

We congratulated the señorita. A moment later, there she was, singing the praises of our 'V.I.P.'s.

We thought we'd present our two luggage ranges. "We're sure you like Classic..." we started.

"Si! Si!" she interrupted, "I sings only the Classic music."

"Actually" we clarified, "we were talking about the range..."

"I understand" she said, and promptly hit a high C! Her Spanish eyes danced when she saw our incredulity.

But, before we could find our voice, she was back in command. And back to 'V.I.P.'

What followed was a later day Spanish Inquisition—of the most delightful sort.

"Tell me pronto" the prima donna said, "How many pieces of luggage you made? How many colours? How many models? How many styles?

We reeled off the answers. Nearly a million and a half pieces. Twelve colours. Seven briefcase styles. Twelve types of suitcases and carry-ons. Two vanity case models. Then, we returned to our first theme.

"We have two luggage ranges" we specified carefully. "One is called Classic..."

"I knows" she informed us, "with Indian brocado lining and the combination locks if I like it. I like it!"

"The other" she informed us, "is the Travel-right!"

"Travelite" we corrected. "Yes" she agreed, "that is the right way to travel. But your colourful new range is also less costing..."

"Less expensive" we supplied.

"Could we name one of our loveliest shades Spanish Gold after the lady?" we requested, formally. She coloured with delight!

"Maybe" she countered, "you'll like to call uno modelo El Cid?" Referring to the legendary Spanish hero of trip after trip after trip!

We talked on...

Finally, we said adiòs. With mucho regrets. "It's so difficult parting with a 'V.I.P.'" we complained, "but we promise you all the help you need."

She accepted—with the graciousness of one used to being offered the world. For a song!

**To protect the privacy of our 'V.I.P.' customers, it has been necessary to conceal their actual identities.*

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Photographs : Farokh Reporter

SMORREBRODS

(OPEN SANDWICHES)

Parties call for dainty sandwiches with varied fillings, shapes and garnishes. MUMTAZ RAHIMTOOLA suggests a number of fillings to suit individual tastes.

Bread slices as required; lettuce leaves, chopped; cheese, grated; carrot, grated; tomato sauce; coconut chutney; variety of pastry cutters.

FOR THE FILLING :

a. Mashed hard boiled eggs, salt, mayonnaise, chopped green chillis, mint and coriander leaves.

b. Flaked cooked meat with minced celery, spring onions and mayonnaise.

c. Flaked chicken with minced celery, green chillis and mayonnaise.

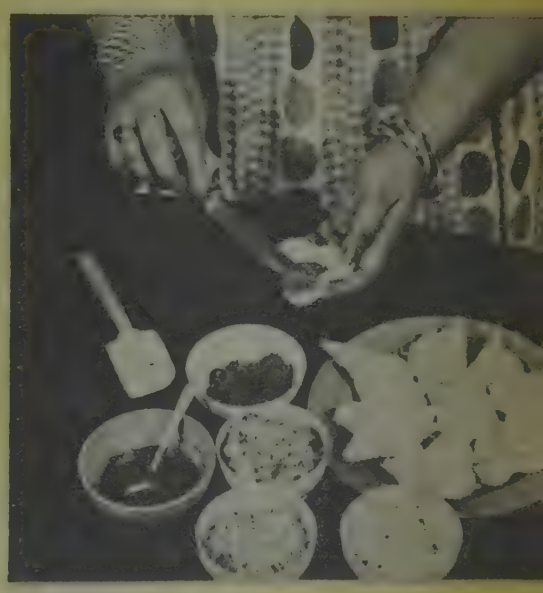
d. Boiled prawns mixed with mayonnaise, some cream, tobassco and tomato sauce and parsley, chopped.

e. Flaked fish with mayonnaise, chopped parsley, boiled peas and chopped hard boiled eggs.

1. Cut the bread into fancy shapes with the cutters.
2. Spread a layer of chutney on the quarter portion of each cut piece.
3. On the remaining three-fourth portion, spread a layer of the above given fillings of your choice.
4. Place the sandwiches in a dish and garnish with lettuce leaves, cheese, carrots and serve with tomato sauce.

1

2



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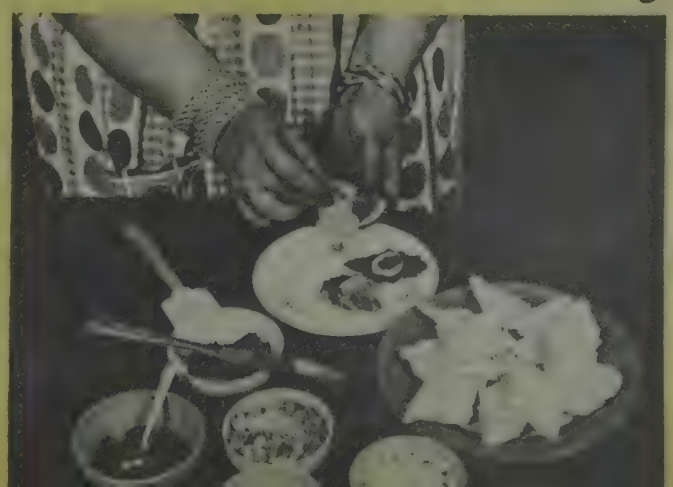

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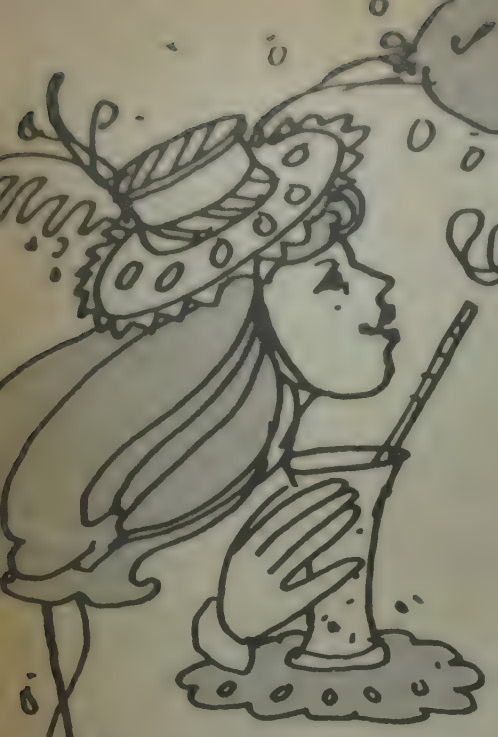


Anne De Braganca Cunha

Children love parties which are as important a part of their social life as they are of adults. The child learns how to function in a group, how to win (or lose) graciously at games, how to share — which is the very basis of the individual's role in society.

But if parties are excessively heavy on your energy and on your budget, then your approach needs revamping. The parent who gives her youngster the feeling that a party is an awful chore is not helping the child to enjoy the pleasure of doing something for others.

So approach your party with simplicity and planning — and enlist your child's help. Make everything at home — the invitations, cake and food and decorations. You can get the take-home gifts at your local wholesale market. Remember it is much more fun to play imaginative games than to watch expensive magicians or movies.

It is always more creative to plan your party around a theme, so here are a few ideas to kindle your imagination.

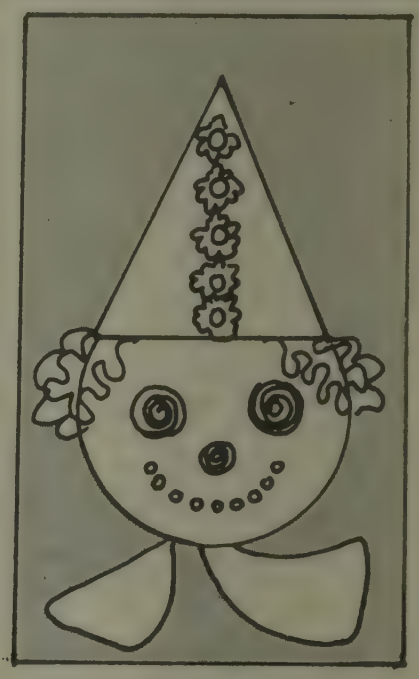
HI! FUNNY FACE!

For the invitations just cut out an oblong with a triangle on top. Fold over and fill in with the craziest face you can imagine. A different one for each card. Write out your party data on the inside, starting with "HI, FUNNY FACE!" On full sized sheets of card paper, paint faces to match your invitations. Cut out and tape on the walls. In the four corners you can have bunches of "Balloons-aloonies." Buy a packet of large sized balloons and blow them up a few days before the party. Paint in faces with felt-tipped pens, allow to dry and deflate. On the party day, get a gas balloon man to blow them up and let them stick onto the ceiling in clusters.

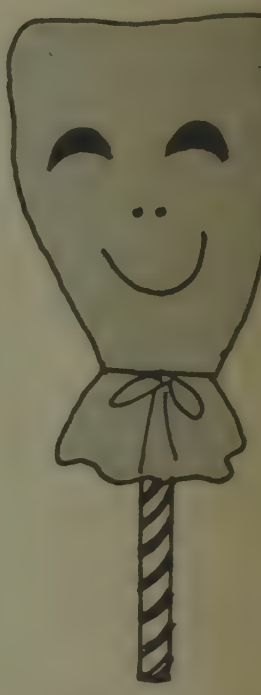
When your guests arrive, give them masks made out of card paper with holes for the eyes. nose and mouth.

Then let them make JOLLY LOLLIPOPS. In a large box, put lollipops for each guest, some pairs of scissors, cellophane tape, Fevicol, coloured crepe paper and card-papers, sequins, buttons, wool, ribbons, artificial flowers and paper doilies. Ask your guests to design a costume for their lollipops with the sweet as the head and the stick as the body.

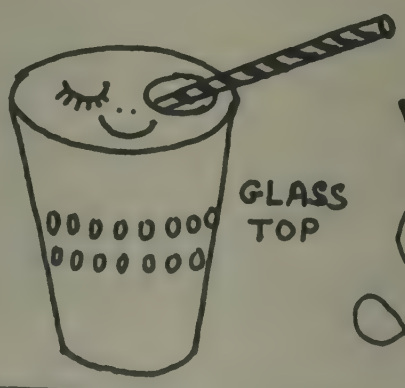
INVITATION



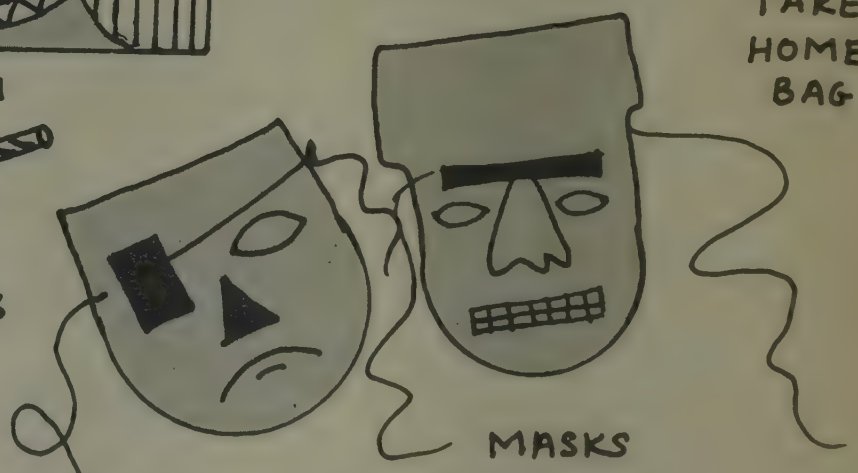
CAKE



TAKE HOME BAG



GLASS TOP



MASKS

HIT THE FUNNY FACE

Cut two large holes in an old sheet and hang the sheet from the ceiling. Two good-natured teenagers dressed up as clowns stand behind the sheet, looking through the holes. Standing 8 feet from the clowns, each player throws three damp sponges at the clowns, who may duck from side to side, but stay in the holes. Each hit scores 10 points.

LAUGH

The players sit in a circle and the leader starts by saying very solemnly "Ha!" The second player says "Ha! Ha!". The third player will say "Ha! Ha! Ha!" Each player adds another "Ha!" as the game moves around and around the circle and all must remain very solemn. If anyone breaks the sober mood by actually laughing, he must pay a forfeit to drop out.

SILLY NAMES

Give each player a pencil and a piece of paper on which he writes his first name. Put all the papers in a box and shuffle them around so that each child has a different paper. Ask each child to draw a face using only the letters of the name on his paper.

Give out little prizes, dressed up with funny faces, and you're all set for tea.

The cake is easy. Make a round one for the face with a cone-

shaped one for the hat and a little bow tie. Ice in a happy face, and add shredded coconut hair. Round up the eats with squash to be sipped through "dressed up" straws. On the backs of old greeting cards, paint and cut out circles. Then punch holes in your face as an eye and slide straw through it.

For take home bag. Buy brown paper bags, paint in faces with the mouth towards the open portion, fill in sweets and a small gift. Tie in a barley sugar stick for the neck.

This will appeal to sports fans. Cut 3 coloured circles 3" in diameter for the invitations. Staple in the centre and write the party data.

Decorate the walls with tissue paper circles and round balloons.

PLAY MAKE 'EM ROLL

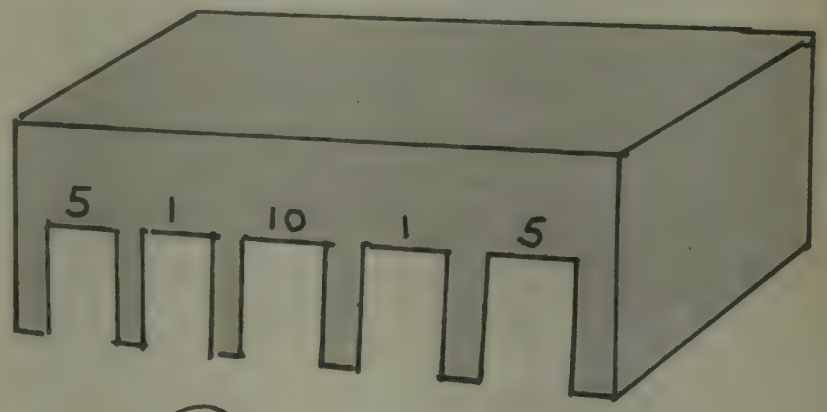
Cut five openings along one edge of a show-box and mark into numbers. Each child is allowed to roll three marbles, one at a time. The winner has the highest score.

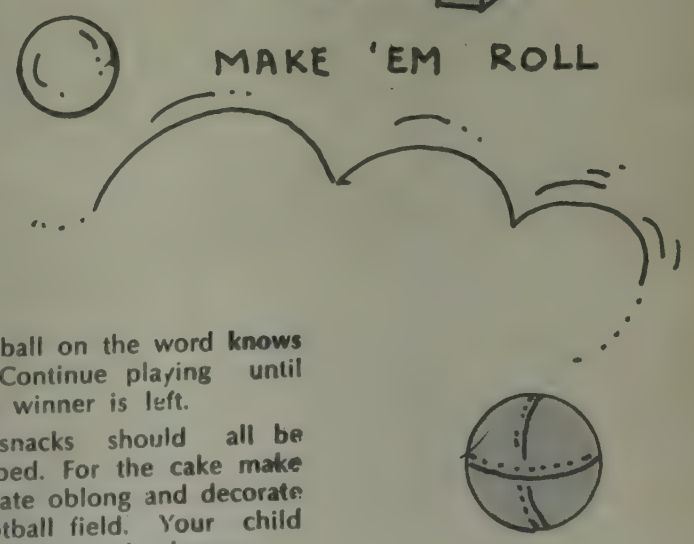
FOR COTTON BALL TOSS

You need a clown's head made out of Thermocole. For the mouth cut out a circle about 5" in diameter. Get the children to toss ping pong balls into the mouth and thus select the winner.

Divide the players into two teams. Give the first player a **ball and spoon.** Each player must run to and around a chair carrying the ball on the spoon. If the ball rolls off, the player must retrieve it and continue running; this continues as a relay until one team wins.

Next, seat the children In a circle. Pass a ball around chanting "Round and round the **wonder ball** goes and where it stops nobody knows." Whoever has the ball on the word **knows** is out. Continue playing until only the winner is left.





Your snacks should all be ball shaped. For the cake make a chocolate oblong and decorate as a football field. Your child will direct you with pleasure.

Take home gifts are ping pong balls of course.

Continued on page 34

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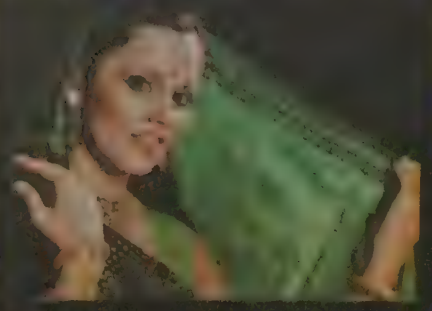

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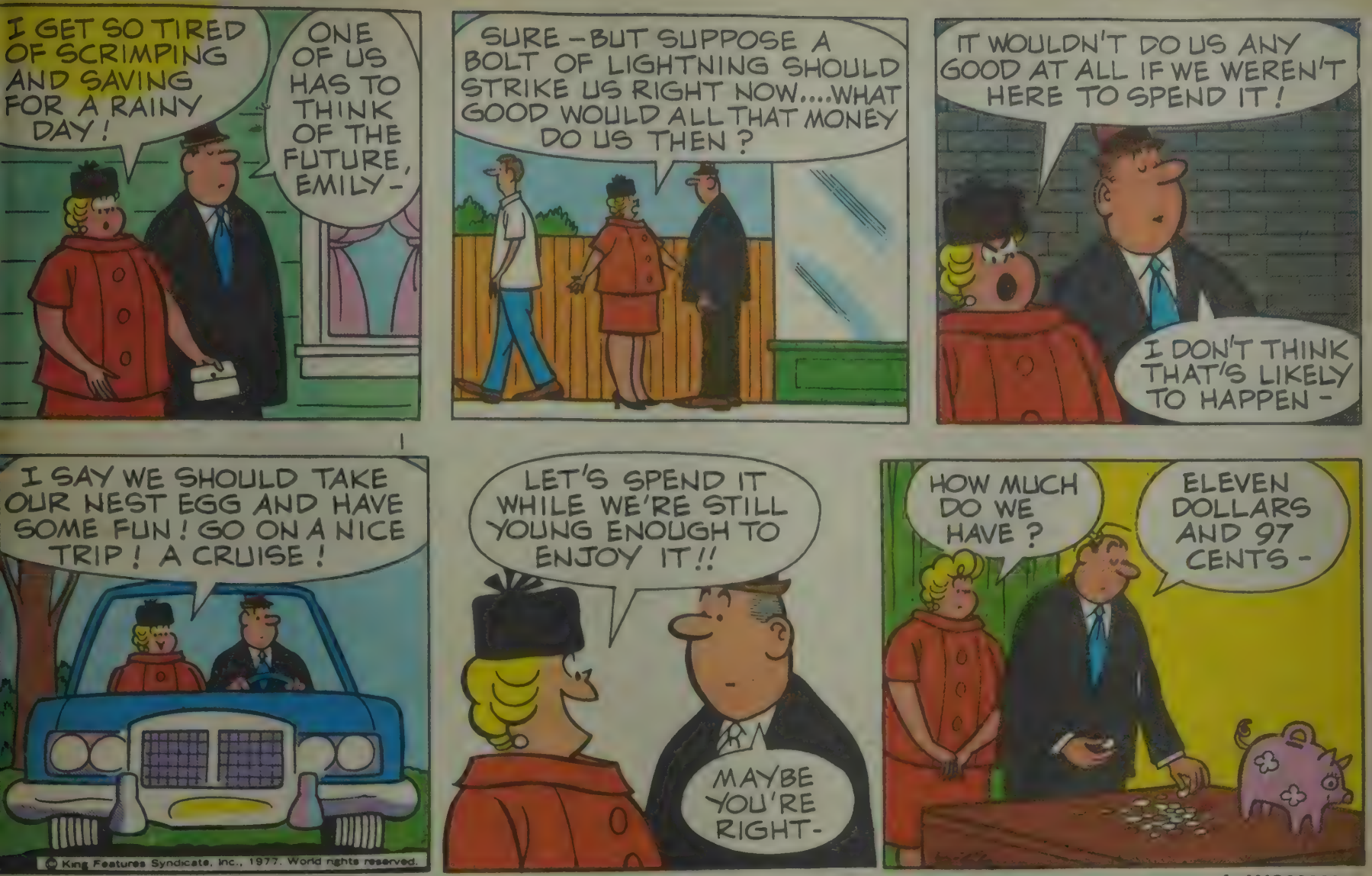
THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin


I GET SO TIRED OF SCRIMPING AND SAVING FOR A RAINY DAY!
ONE OF US HAS TO THINK OF THE FUTURE, EMILY -
SURE - BUT SUPPOSE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING SHOULD STRIKE US RIGHT NOW....WHAT GOOD WOULD ALL THAT MONEY DO US THEN?
IT WOULDN'T DO US ANY GOOD AT ALL IF WE WEREN'T HERE TO SPEND IT!
I DON'T THINK THAT'S LIKELY TO HAPPEN -
I SAY WE SHOULD TAKE OUR NEST EGG AND HAVE SOME FUN! GO ON A NICE TRIP! A CRUISE!
LET'S SPEND IT WHILE WE'RE STILL YOUNG ENOUGH TO ENJOY IT!!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT -
HOW MUCH DO WE HAVE?
ELEVEN DOLLARS AND 97 CENTS -
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L WOMAN

Continued from page 31

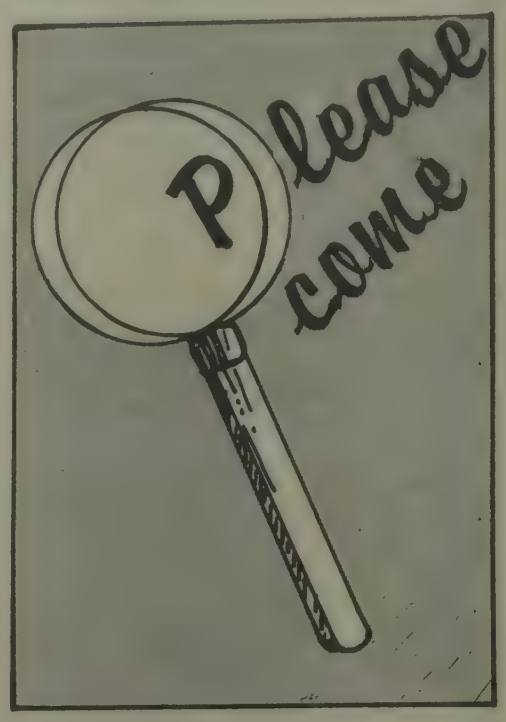
LET'S HAVE

DETECTIVE PARTY

For the invitations, cut out silver magnifying glasses and paste on to red card. A white paint finger print will add mystery. Ask the guests to come in disguise.

For your front door make a sign saying "221, B.Baker Street" and paste silhouettes of a murder scene, Sherlock Holmes, a bloodhound on your walls.

As the guests arrive, each is asked to press a thumb on a inked stamp pad and then on a small signed piece of paper. As the players win in various games they may go and remove their prints from display. Any prints left at the end of the party belong to the criminals and they get prisoners' caps made out of white paper with black stripes.



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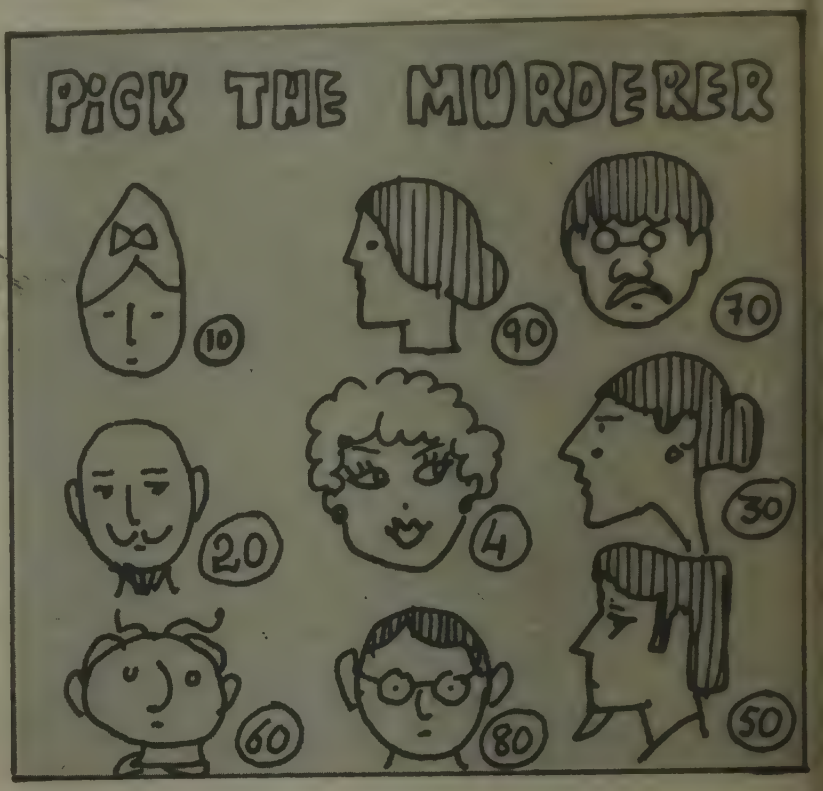


THE MOST OBSERVANT DETECTIVE

Prepare a tray of 15 objects like a pen, an ash tray, a thread, a ten-rupee note. Detectives have two minutes to look at the objects before you remove the tray. The player with the biggest correct list wins.

PICK THE MURDERER

Prepare a board on which you have stuck nine villainous looking Thermocole faces. Give points to each.

Each child is given a dart and is allowed three turns to nab the most points.

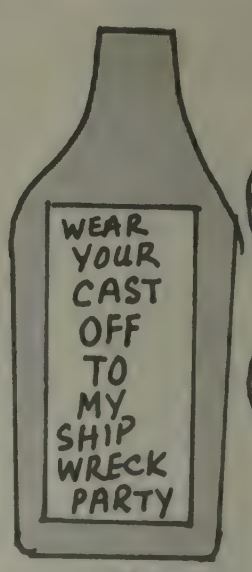
Another game of skill involves throwing a disc around a **toy** gun. Divide the children into teams and ask them to draw out a **murder scene** (every child must take part) on large sheets of card paper. After this each team enacts a **"Crime does not pay"** play.

Award prizes for the best costume and serve tea. The cake follows the invitation and is oblong in shape. For take home gifts give out tiny magnifying glasses.

SHIPWRECK PARTY

A "bottle" of green cellophane with a message enclosed makes a stunning invitation. Cut a cardboard bottle pattern then trace it in a green cellophane. Paste the edges together (except for the bottle-neck opening) enclosing a note asking the children to come dressed in their "cast-offs."

Decorate your walls with blue streamer "waves" and a brown paper sinking ship. The front door bears the name of the party child on a rudder. Use a lot of driftwood and shell arrangements.



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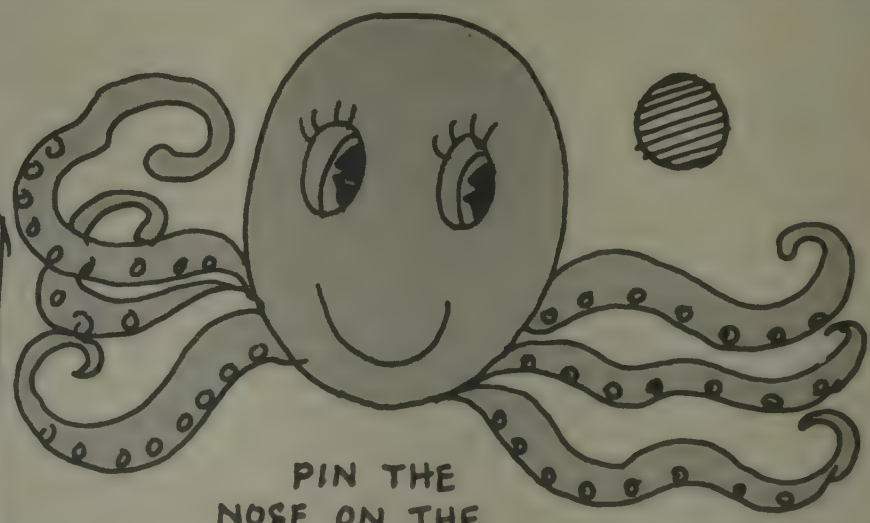
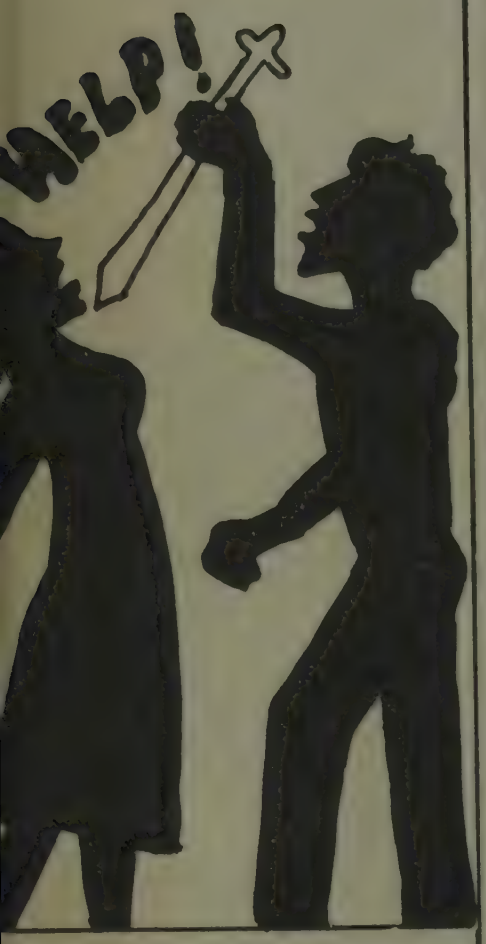


Play **Pin the Nose on the Octopus,** making the octopus out of card paper.

Next play: **Going fishing.** Prepare a number of fish out of coloured card paper. Place a paper clip in the mouth of each fish. Make a fishing rod out of a pencil, a string and a magnet. Place a pile of fish (with different point values on the reverse) in front of each team. Each player gets three turns to "fish" and the highest scorer wins.

Divide the children into two teams and give each team two foot prints cut out of card paper. Each team is to track **"My Man**

PARTY!

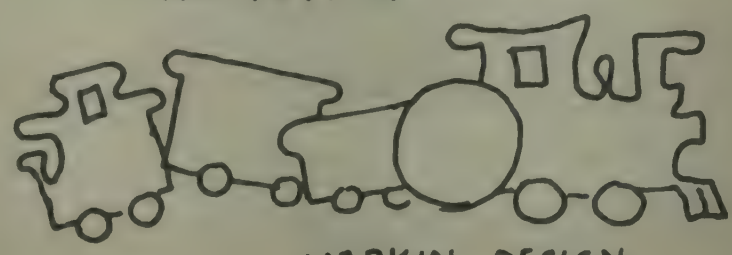


ALL ABOARD FOR THE PARTY TRAIN

The invitations are made out of brown card paper. Cut chimney, wheels, head-lights and engine windows out of coloured glazed paper and glue into place.

Her are some games to play:

INVITATION



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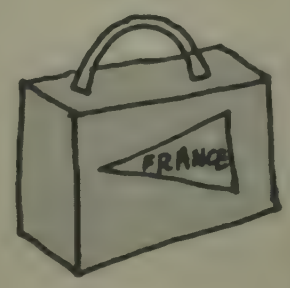
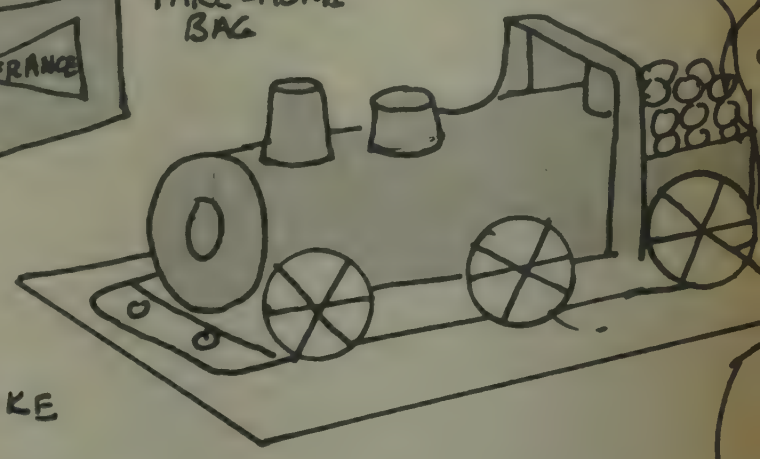


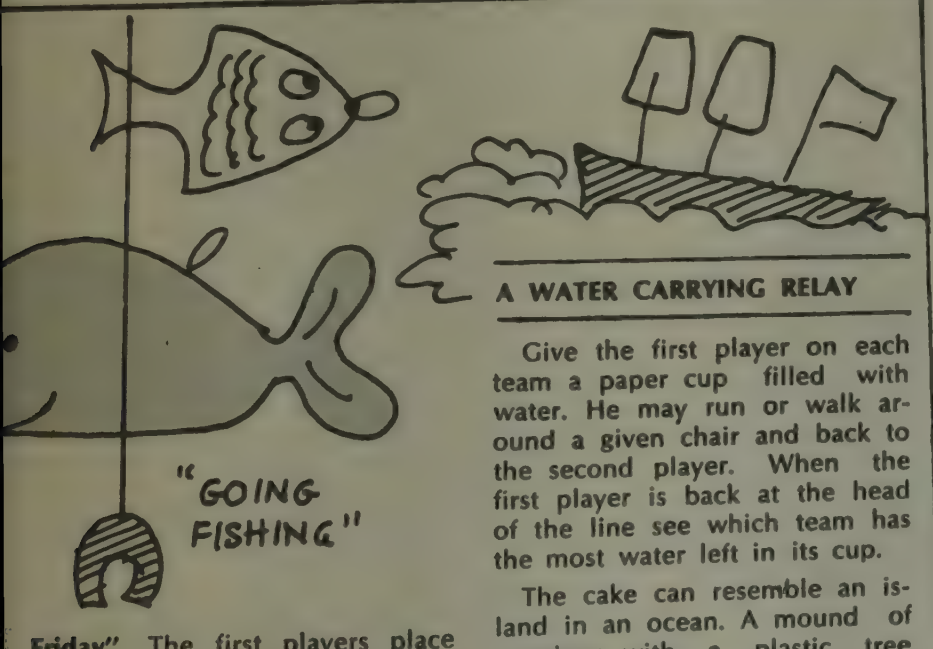
TAKE-HOME BAG



CAKE

SUITCASE RELAY

Divide the players into two teams and give the leader of each a suitcase filled with a large pair of blue jeans, a large shirt and a large pair of boots. At the word GO, each player must open the suitcase and put on the contents over his own clothing. He takes the suitcase and travels to the end of the room. Here he takes off the clothing and repacks the suitcase. He returns and gives the suitcase to the next player in the team. This is repeated till any one of the teams finishes first, thus being the winner.



"GOING FISHING"

A WATER CARRYING RELAY

Give the first player on each team a paper cup filled with water. He may run or walk around a given chair and back to the second player. When the first player is back at the head of the line see which team has the most water left in its cup.

The cake can resemble an island in an ocean. A mound of marzipan with a plastic tree is the island and the surrounding waves are blue icing ruffled with a fork.

Give the children key-chains with anchors to take home.

Friday". The first players place the foot prints in front of them one by one and step into each until they finish line. They return in the same manner and the next players take over. The first team to finish wins.

FAMOUS PLACES

Choose 12 picture postcards showing famous spots of India. Number them from 1 to 12. Give each child a sheet of paper and a pencil and ask them to fill in the names of the places.

AROUND THE WORLD

The children sit in a circle and are each given the name of a country or place and IT stands in the centre. He calls out "BANGALORE TO GOA", for example, and the two players bearing those names must change places and IT must try and find himself a place. If he takes GOA's place, he becomes GOA and the player without a seat becomes IT. Now and again IT can call "AROUND THE WORLD" and all the players change places, keeping the names of the places that they represent. You can play this until you are ready for tea.

Presiding over the tea table is a guard, who can be made ever so easily. His body is a tall vase and his head is a large plastic ball covered with white paper. Paint in the features and top with a hat. Push the head into the top of the vase and on either side poke in a red and green broomstick flag.

Decorate paper serviettes with a train outline inked in with a ball-point pen.

Make a cake covered with chocolate icing. A Swiss roll is the engine and square sponge cakes are the wagons. Cadbury GEMS are the wheels.

When it is time to go, give your guests guard whistles, and packets of biscuits dressed up as suitcases by covering them in brown paper with a plastic ribbon handle cello-taped into place and with travel stickers that you have cut out from airline advertisements.

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

his is the eleventh of 12 fashion features which will enable ou to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICA-ION boutique. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Veekly issues dated December 3, 1978 and January 13, 1979. ou may be the lucky winner of this fabulous range of out-ts. All you have to do is to clip and keep the coupons pub-ished every month along with the feature.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Ve are informed by several readers that they were unable o start collecting the coupons from the beginning of this ontest. Therefore, to enable more readers to participate, ve are hereby revising the rules; those who have missed ut on the earlier coupons, will now be eligible to participate the draw if they collect two coupons each from the pre-ous months, regardless of the serial numbers upto the welfth feature (in December). This will give them a renewed nance to collect the minimum of 10 coupons necessary to ualify for the draw.

11 eve weekly / sophistication boutique

WIN-A-WARDROBE
COUPON

Name _____

Address _____

_____

1. Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. 1st Prize Rs. 10,000; 2nd Prize Rs. 5000; 3rd Prize Rs. 3000; PLUS ten Consolation Prizes Rs. 200 each.
2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly, around March, 1980. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.
3. A minimum of 10 coupons, out of coupons numbered 1—12 must be sent, in one lot, latest by **January 25, 1980,** after the publication of the 12th feature in December, to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

400 023.

graphs: Tayeb Badshah

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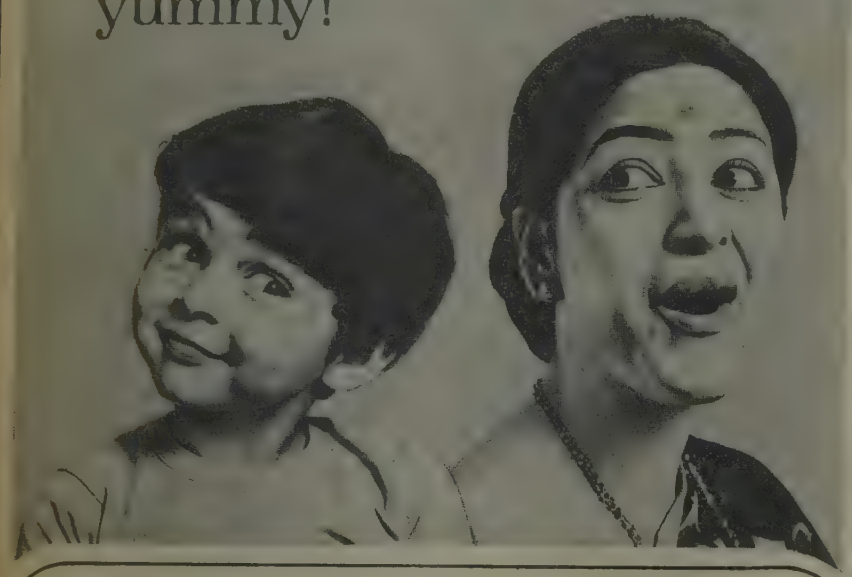
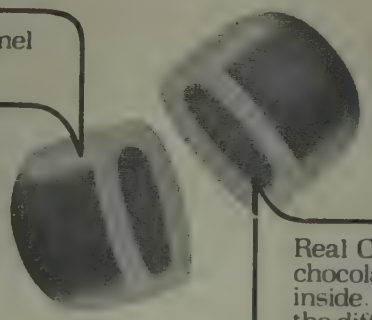


Cadbury's Chocolate Eclairs

the chocolate treat nobody can resist



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Papu

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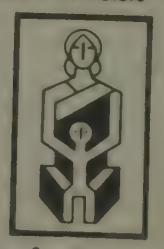

Babycare that mothers trust

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

I WILL, I WILL, FOR A GOOD DOWRY!

Ritu Khanna
reports from Delhi

The custom of giving a bride a trousseau — all the paraphernalia required for the start of married life, has existed from time immemorial. Collecting for the "bottom drawer" has held a certain charm for every girl. In India, where the people have a propensity for going into extremes, marriage and dowry are synonyms. In the days of maharajas and nawabs, the dowry used to come laden on elephants! It included gold, silver, clothes, even servants. As far as the dowry system is concerned, we Indians seem to be moving backwards instead of forward.

Wealthy families vie with each other to give bigger dowries. Mrs. X is smug because she gave her daughter a silver cutlery set on her marriage. Mrs. Y is feeling one-up since she gave her daughter a silver tea set along with the cutlery and Mrs. Z cannot wipe off the satisfied grin on her face because her daughter received four silver dishes plus a silver tea set and cutlery set! This competition is not only an obsession with the rich. The "poor" poor parents, for whom each daughter spells a curse, struggle under debts in order to "buy" marriages for their girls. Their sons, of course, inherit the debts. They in turn, trapped in a vicious circle of give and take, accept dowries from their in-laws.

The educated girls of today, however are not prepared to be bartered off. "Not only do we offer ourselves in marriage, but along with that our parents are compelled to give a dowry too," protested Sudha. The girls are not taking it any more. The saturation point had arrived, the explosion was inevitable. The trigger was provided by reports in newspapers which stated that Tarvinder Kaur was burnt to death by her in-laws simply because she had brought insufficient dowry.

The Women's Committee and women from all over Delhi formed a co-ordinated committee called the Stree Sunghursh. This issue was not to be taken in isolation. On the contrary it was linked with the eve teasing issues, and beauty contests, and how they affect the position of women in Indian society. There was a morcha on the June 1, 1979. As the summer vacations were on, it was not only organised by students but by women from all over Delhi.

The walk, (conducted from the bus stop at Model Town to the house of the unfortunate victim's in-laws) along with the slogan shouting was a success and evoked public response. To start with, there were about fifty participants, but others joined in and the number was multiplied almost ten times!

Obviously not a single girl approves of the dowry system. They have plenty of adjectives to degrade it, but yet when their time comes, they bow down to the inevitable. Sangeeta did try to explain the other side of it rationally. "You see," she said, "this dowry cult has been indoctrinated into the minds of the older generation. They have seen it happen all the time. The change for them is just too much. They cannot come to terms with it. For them, a girl without a dowry is like an outcast, fit to be spurned. When we have children to marry off we can then try to change the thinking of others."

If all girls were as complacent as Sangeeta the upheaval of the dowry system would probably take centuries. Rupa, eyes bright with rage, indignantly and vehemently declared, "When I get married I'll take no dowry. Not that my parents can't afford to give me plenty — I'm their only child — but I'm against the very idea behind this idiotic system. No I don't care a hang if I don't get married, but I do care a lot if my parents have to bribe a fellow and his greedy parents to accept me. Why, I once read that in certain parts of China, the groom weighs his bride-to-be and then accordingly pays the bride's father for the rice she consumed. He actually pays the father for bringing up his bride!....That's the way it should be," she added.

Vikas, an L.L.B. student felt that this system was absolutely outdated and obsolete. "Why," he protested, "It's simply ridiculous.....imagine starting a marriage in that manner! How can any girl love and respect her husband and his family when they are the cause for her parents near-bankruptcy?"

The views of Vikas were echoed by many males, but there were exceptions. Suresh works in a 5 star hotel. "Of course I'll make a couple of demands when I get married," he said. "I want my would-be in-laws to set up my house, give gifts to my family and the usual stuff. I'm going to be looking after their daughter for the rest of my life so what's the hassle?"

Agreeing wholeheartedly with Suresh, Arjun added, "My parents have married off two daughters. They spent their life-savings on their dowries. Let them now enjoy one of the pleasures a son can offer them."

Many young males appear horrified at the idea of accepting solid dowries, but most are being hypocritical. When their turn comes, especially if it is an arranged marriage, these men are sure to drift along with the tide. "After all," said Ravinder, "Which normal fellow is going to refuse an extra amount of money or other presents? Along with getting a bride, if one gets a good dowry, why, it's like a package deal!"

The struggle has begun, let us wait for the repercussions. Perhaps a day will dawn when the term "dowry" will be stricken off for ever. And when that day comes, we should remain indebted to the initiators of the "Down with Dowry" movement. How one anxiously awaits the day when everyone will realize that the greatest dowry any girl can bring to her groom and his family is herself!

RUZBEH ANTIA WINS INLAKS SCHOLARSHIP

Ruzbeh Antia was one of the ten young Indians who won the coveted INLAKS scholarship for 1979 to the prestigious universities of Oxford, Cambridge and London. The selection was made jointly by the Rhodes Committee and the INLAKS Scholarship Committee. Ruzbeh has left for Oxford where she will study English at St. Edmund Hall.

A first class MA graduate, she is a Licentiate (with Honours) of Trinity College of Music, London, in music and drama. She has lectured at a leading Bombay college and worked as a journalist.

Candidates who wish to apply for the INLAKS Foundation Scholarships should be Indian citizens, 19-25 years old, students or working people holding a first class degree in the humanities, sciences, medicine, engineering or agriculture from recognised Indian universities. All expenses are covered, including fares to and from India. Interested parties may contact INLAKS Scholarships, C/o. St. Stephen's College, Delhi 110 007.

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S BROTHERS

PERSONAL CHOICE

"You're Invited to Dinner..."

"Fitting in the cooking with the washing, cleaning and looking after two energetic kids is quite a challenge, but it's great fun," remarks MRS. KAMAL JADHAV. A graduate in English literature, her other interests apart from cooking, include stage acting, public speaking, reading and free-lance writing.

PRAWN STUFFED ROAST CHICKEN

1 kg chicken
1 small onion
2 flakes garlic
1" piece ginger

FOR THE STUFFING:

Liver & heart of chicken
250 grams prawns
200 grams tomatoes
100 grams onions
2 tsps. coriander powder
2 tsps. cummin powder
¼ tsp. turmeric
2 red chillis
4 green chillis
3 flakes garlic
1" piece ginger
150 grams potatoes (boiled)
Salt and pepper to taste
Coriander and mint leaves
1 tbsp. plums
1 tsp. garam masala
A dash of wine

Slit the chicken on the underside and clean the inside thoroughly. Rub a little salt, inside and out. Grind onion, garlic, ginger. Smear the ground masala all over the chicken. Leave aside for a while.

Meanwhile boil heart and liver. Mince it. Devein and wash prawns in salt and turmeric. Now grind chillis, garlic, ginger, coriander, mint and half the tomatoes. Slice onions and fry till golden brown. Add paste and fry little longer. Add cleaned prawns and fry for 5 minutes. Add the powdered spices and

Photograph : Tayeb Badshah

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A few drops change a simple dish to a special one

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For greater aroma and extra appetite appeal, be sure to add Rasna Food Flavours only after your food is cooked.

OBM/3141

one cup water. Put in remaining tomatoes. Cook till dry. Now add mashed potatoes, minced heart and liver, and plums to the prawns. Grind coarsely. Fill the chicken with this stuffing, sew up securely. Heat a little oil and brown the chicken evenly from all sides. Add a cup of water and wine and cook for about 20 minutes. Serve on silver platter with fried potato fingers. Serve with tomato chutney.

TOMATO CHUTNEY

½ kg tomatoes
200 grams raisins
100 grams chillis
100 grams ginger
200 grams brown sugar
Salt to taste
100 grams garlic
A little vinegar

Boil the tomatoes for the puree. Cool. Grind in vinegar the raisins, garlic, chillis, ginger. Mix all together in the puree and boil on slow fire till thick. Serve with roast chicken.

CAULIFLOWER SPECIAL

500 grams whole cauliflower
6 flakes garlic
1" piece ginger
2 green chillis
2 red chillis
1 tsp. cummin
250 grams tomatoes
100 grams onions
½ cup curds
A sprig of curry leaves

Steam whole cauliflower for 5 minutes, until partially cooked. Grind ginger, garlic and chillis. Grate onion. In 2 tbsps. hot oil fry curry leaves and cummin seeds. When seeds begin to splutter, put in onions and fry till brown. Now add ground paste and further fry for 2 minutes. Add chopped tomatoes and cook. Put in whole cauliflower and cook gently till completely done. Five minutes before removing from fire, add well beaten curds. Allow to simmer for few minutes. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves.

3 — TIER MOSS PUDDING

5 dtsps. cream (optional)
1 tin condensed milk
½ litre milk
4 dtsps. sugar
½ tsp. vanilla, pineapple, strawberry essence
40 grams china grass
1 cup water
2 tbsps. chocolate

Dissolve the china grass in water. Keep aside for 15 minutes. Mix the condensed milk with milk and cook on slow fire till thick. Melt the china grass simultaneously on slow fire. Add to the above condensed milk custard. Cook on slow fire for about eight minutes. Remove from fire. Add essence, and about five dessert spoons of cream (optional). Divide the mixture into three parts. Mix chocolate and pink colour separately into two parts. Leave one plain. Flavour chocolate with vanilla, pink with strawberry and plain with pineapple essence. Pour the plain mixture into a wet glass bowl, and leave to set in a refrigerator. After it has set, pour chocolate mixture over it. After it has set, pour pink mixture on top. Allow to set in the refrigerator for a couple of hours before serving. Garnish with cherry halves.

MUTTON PEPPER FRY

500 grams mutton
1 tbsp. chilli powder
½" piece ginger
8 flakes garlic
3 cloves
½" piece cinnamon
6 peppercorns
1 onion
2 tbsps. oil

Grind the ginger, garlic and the powdered spices. Slice onion. Heat oil, add onion. When onions are golden brown add ginger — garlic paste and fry a little. Add the washed and diced meat, chilli powder, and salt. Add enough water for meat to cook. Cover. When meat is cooked add spices and fry until water evaporates. Serve hot.

TANGY MASALA FISH

¾ kg any good fish
1 ball tamarind
1" piece ginger
20 flakes garlic
1 tsp. cummin
½ tsp. turmeric
2 tbsps. chilli powder
4 green chillis
1 large tomato
2 onions
Curry leaves
Coriander leaves
¾ cup oil
Salt to taste

Cut the fish into 12. Wash and clean the pieces with turmeric and salt. Grind ginger, garlic and cummin. Soak tamarind in two large cups of water. Slice onions, and slit green chillis. Chop the tomato.

In a dekchi, (do not put on fire) put oil, sliced onions, chillis ground paste and the fish pieces, salt and chilli powder and turmeric. Lightly mix the ingredients so that the fish pieces are covered with the masala. Extract thick tamarind juice. Pour onto the fish pieces. Add washed curry leaves, coriander leaves and chopped tomato. Now place the dekchi on fire, bring to the boil and then reduce heat. Swirl the dekchi gently so that the bottom doesn't stick to the pan. When the gravy thickens and the oil appears on the top, remove from the fire. A little ground coconut may be added.

CREAM COCONUT RICE

500 grams basmati rice
½ cup ghee
1 large coconut
2,2 cms pieces cinnamon
4 cloves
½ tsp. powdered turmeric
1 inch piece ginger
12 flakes garlic
A small bunch mint leaves
Salt to taste

Scrape coconut, and extract milk four times. The coconut milk should double the quantity of rice. Grind to a fine paste ginger, garlic, cinnamon and cloves. Heat a thick-bottomed dekchi. Put ghee, and when hot, reduce the flame and add the ground masala and turmeric. Fry a little add the washed and drained rice. Fry for a few minutes. Add coconut milk and salt. Raise the flame and bring to boil. When the coconut milk starts bubbling, reduce heat and place the dekchi on a tawa. Cover and cook. Every five minutes mix the rice, so that the bottom rice comes to the top and the rice gets cooked evenly. This mixing should be done very lightly. Remove from the fire. Wash and chop the mint leaves. Add the mint leaves five minutes before the rice is removed from the fire.

COOKERY QUEEN

AJANTA CHOUDHURY, Assam.

Miss Choudhury wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Fry Pan from Trupti Industries, a cash prize of Rs. 101/- from Weikfield and a Lifelong Food Warmer, Popular model from Trading Engineers, New Delhi.

ALMOND COCONUT CRUNCH

2 cups rice
½ cup flour
2 cups sugar
½ cup almonds
½ coconut, grated
½ cup milk
1½ cup pure ghee
1 cup water for the syrup

Wash and soak the rice in water for 1 hour. Drain and grind to a fine powder. Add ½ cup ghee, flour, milk. Form into a thick dough. Add little water if necessary. Fry the coconut on slow fire adding 1 tablespoon sugar. Fry for 10 to 15 minutes. Roast the almonds. Add ½ cup sugar to them and fry until the sugar caramelizes. Cool and grind to a fine powder. Add this to coconut. Make small balls out of the rice dough. Make a hole in each of them and fill it with one teaspoon of coconut almond mixture. Close the opening and roll out the ball into small puri. Deep fry the puris in ghee until brown. Dissolve the remaining sugar in 1 cup water and boil until thick. Dip each puri in sugar syrup and remove immediately. Serve cold.

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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Priscilla Pereira, Bassein.

FESTIVE ROLLS

½ kg flour (maida)
½ kg rice flour
1 kg sugar (ground fine)
¼ kg ghee
1 litre fresh milk
A little saffron, soaked
150 grams cashewnuts, halved
A pinch salt

Mix the flour with one cup milk, 2 tablespoons ghee, salt and a little water. Blend thoroughly and knead into a firm dough. Leave aside for an hour. Then take small portions of the flour dough and roll out into very thin chappatis. Spread a little ghee on one, sprinkle 1 tablespoon rice flour all over it and 1 tablespoon sugar. Place another thin chappati over this and repeat the same process. Put together five chappatis in all. Roll these chappatis into a long roll. With a sharp knife, cut out 1 inch thick rounds from the roll. When all the chappatis have been used in this manner, take each round and flatten lightly between palms. Heat the ghee and fry them until well puffed and brown. Arrange these rolls in a baking dish. Pour the remaining milk over these rolls. Sprinkle saffron. Now lightly fry the sliced cashewnuts. Pour the ghee along with the cashewnuts over the rolls. Make a syrup out of the remaining sugar and pour this over the rolls. Cover and bake in a moderate oven till both milk and syrup have dried up and turned a nice brown. Separate the rolls carefully with a knife and serve either hot or cold.

Mrs. Kharman Patel, Pune.

SEVIAN LAUKI KI BARFI

700 grams lauki, (white pumpkin), grated
2 cups fine sevian, (vermicelli)
450 grams khoya
500 grams sugar
Ghee for frying
A few drops of kewra essence
Green edible colour

FOR DECORATION:

50 grams pistachios, chopped
Silver Varakh

Peel and remove seeds from lauki. Grate finely. Squeeze out the water. Make a thick sugar syrup using the extract from the lauki. Add the green colour and kewra essence and keep aside. Brown the vermicelli in ghee and cook in half a cup of sweetened milk until done. Keep aside. Fry the lauki in the same ghee until brown. Mix with the khoya and syrup and cook in a thick bottomed pan. Keep stirring till the mixture leaves the pan clean. Divide the mixture into half. Spread half on a greased swissroll tin. Lay out the sevian on the lauki barfi and cover with the second part. Flatten evenly and sprinkle with pistachio nuts. Decorate with silver varakh. With a sharp knife mark the barfi in diamond shapes. Remove onto a plate to dry.

Mrs. Kanika Kargupta, Bombay.

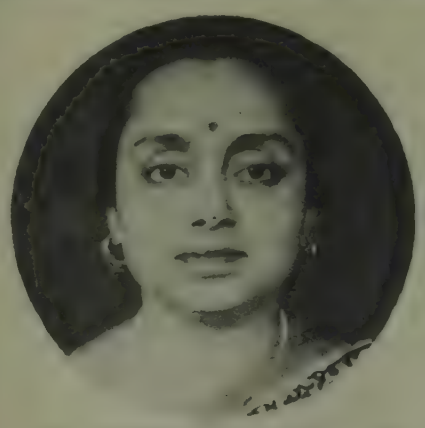
CHIRA PULEE

250 grams puff rice (poha)
600 grams sugar
1 coconut, grated
½ cup milk
3-4 small cardamoms (powdered)
Salt
Oil for frying

Wash and soak poha for 5 minutes. Drain water and keep aside. Mix 200 grams of sugar with the grated coconut. Put the mixture into hot karahi. Add milk. Cook till it become sticky. Remove from fire and add cardamom powder. Now, add a pinch of salt to the poha and knead into a soft dough. Make small balls with a depression in the centre. Fill the centres with the coconut filling. Close the opening. Make the shape of a boat. Deep fry till golden brown. Now make a thick syrup with the remaining sugar. Pour all the pulees into the syrup and mix evenly on a low flame. Leave it to cool and serve.

WEEKLY WINNER

JONAKI BHATTACHARYA, Pune



Mrs. Bhattacharya wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

JAZZY PANTUA

Paneer from 1 litre milk, well drained
100 grams khoya
100 grams flour
½ tsp. baking powder
50 grams khoya, coloured pink
22 raisins
50 grams sugar candy
1 kg sugar
Ghee or oil for frying

Add four cups water to the sugar and make syrup. Mash the paneer and khoya separately to a very smooth paste. Knead the two together. Add half teaspoon ghee and baking powder to the flour. Mix with finger tips. Add to the paneer mixture and continue kneading with addition of whey to give it a neat finish. Make small balls of the pink coloured khoya, put a raisin in the centre and close up well. Use up all the raisins in this way. Divide the paneer mixture into twenty two balls. Make a well in the centre of each, put in one pink khoya ball, a few pieces of sugar candy and close up well. Deep fry, a few at a time to a dark brown. Drain and soak in syrup. Serve cold.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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UNION CARBIDE

WOMEN IN FOCUS

PRIYA MASCARENHAS

A TALENT FOR BUSINESS

Priya Mascarenhas is Sales Manager, West End Group of Hotels, West End, Bangalore. Born in Mangalore, Priya did her schooling at St. Agnes' Convent Mangalore, and went on to St. Agnes' College, where she was the president of the college union. She also took part in all the Indian dance ballets organised by the college. After graduating in History and Economics, Priya did a Home-Makers course, at Nirmala Niketan from where she won a scholarship to study ceramic and oil painting for a year and a half in Europe, based in Rome.

A talented Bharata Natyam dancer, versatile Priya started learning this art form at the age of four, and has been on dance tours all over India, and also to Europe. Playing the piano and violin are two more of talented Priya's accomplishments.

After marriage to an engineer-industrialist who owns and runs his engineering company, and two daughters, Priya settled down to domesticity for a while. However, her husband felt it would be a waste of her various talents and capabilities for her to be confined to the house, and it was he who urged her to take up a job. Thus it was that in 1974, Priya joined West End Hotel, Bangalore, as a public relations officer. And it is a mark of her efficiency and dynamism, that she became Sales Manager of the West End Group in just eight months.

Asked why she chose to work in the hotel business, Priya says, "I've always wanted to work for a professionally managed hotel." It is a telling commentary on Priya's ability that she was chosen to do a course in Public Relations and Marketing at the Rome Academy where she also did a six-month course in Italian. Asked about her success in her job, Priya replied,. "I've always had good bosses who treated me as a professional, gave me exposure to different situations, and the power to make my own decisions."

Among versatile Priya's interests and hobbies are travel, music, reading, and people. Priya did a course in flower arrangement at Nirmala Niketan, and a special course in Ikebana at the Japanese Consulate in Rome.

Having travelled extensively all over the world, people and travel rank high on the list of extrovert Priya's loves. In fact, this was one of the reasons that she chose to work in a hotel.

Asked about her ambitions, Priya unhesitatingly replied, "To work in a large-chain hotel group, and rise to the top." She has very strong views on women being given equality of opportunity to prove their worth. "A woman has to be doubly efficient to prove herself a good manager," she says, and is against men putting down women just because they are women.

Warm hearted and understanding, Priya adopts a human approach to business. "One cannot have totally commercial relations with one's customers." Asked if her type of job led to compromising situations, she replied: "I've never had men taking advantage of me. If one projects the right image, men will not take advantage of one; and though I am exposed to men all the time, I find them very stimulating company."

Indu Mallah

THAT'S A LAUGH!

An Englishman, a Scotsman and a Jew had a nine-course meal at an expensive restaurant and the waiter presented them with a bill for seventy-five pounds.

"I'll pay that," offered the Scotsman.

Prominent headlines in the following day's paper said: "Jewish ventriloquist found dead in alley."

* * *

"Now tell me about the dream you had," the psychiatrist said to the young lady on the couch.

"Well, I dreamt that I was walking down the street with nothing on but a hat."

"And you were embarrassed?" suggested the doctor.

"Indeed I was," agreed the lady. "It was last year's hat."

* * *

One doctor said: "The only way some of my patients can hold their drink is after it's in a pretty girl."

* * *

"They showed us a stag film in biology class today," announced the ten-year-old at the tea table.

"A stag film? Are you sure?" asked the girl's father

"Yes, it was awful. I don't think it's right that these rich Scotsmen should be allowed to go around killing them."

Notice in baby clinic: There are five reasons why mother's milk is better than cow's milk:

1. It's more sanitary
2. It's fresher.
3. It's easier to take on a picnic.
4. Cats can't get at it.
5. It comes in such cute containers.

* * *

A man was boasting about his dog's intelligence.

"When my house caught fire," he said, "all got out safely. But the dog insisted on dashing back to the flames. What do you think he brought out in his mouth?"

"Well, what?"

"The fire insurance policy wrapped up in a damp towel."

* * *

"What a marvellous dress!"

"Oh, it's nothing really."

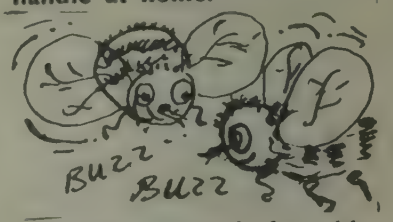
"That's what I like about it."

* * *

Two inebriated gentlemen stood at the bar near closing time.

"I've an idea," said one, "lesh have one more drink and then go find us some girls."

"Naw," replied the other "I've got more than I can handle at home."



"Great," replied the idea man. "Then lesh have one more drink and go up to your place."

* * *

The bee is such a busy soul

He has no time for birth control,

So that is why, in times like these

There are so many sons of bees.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Guess which cooking medium can save your family's health and your money?

We'll give you a hint. It's one of the edible oils in vanaspati.

Right.
Refined cottonseed oil.
That's the one.

Healthy, nutritious.

Refined cottonseed oil is rich in poly-unsaturated fats. Your family doctor will tell you, these unsaturated fats are healthier for the heart because they help prevent coronary arteries from hardening (arteriosclerosis, the most common type of heart trouble).

See how much better off your family is with refined cottonseed oil.

Cooking medium	Approx. % of poly-unsaturated fats
Ghee	nil
Vanaspati	1.9
Coconut oil	2.5
Butter	3.6
Mustard oil	18.1
Groundnut oil	26.0
Til oil	37.7
Refined cottonseed oil	47.8

No barrier to taste.

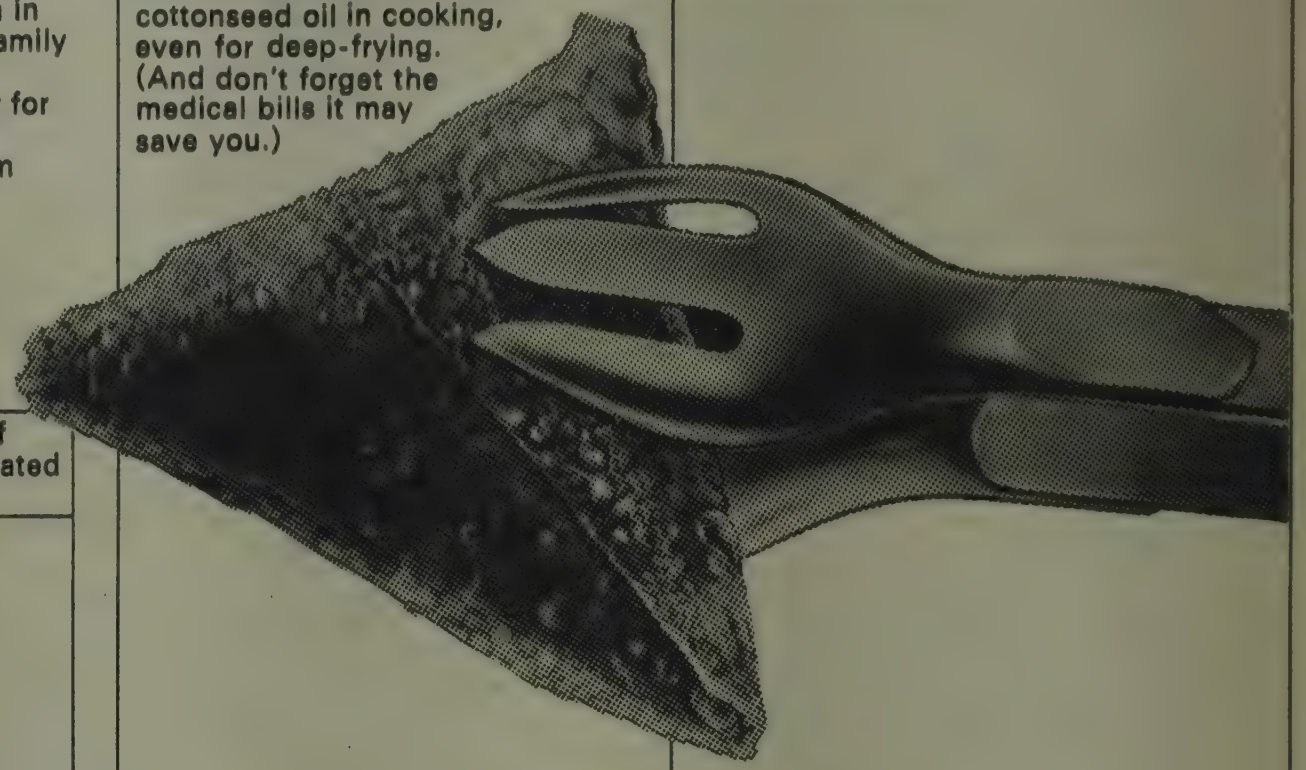
Refined cottonseed oil is golden yellow: you can be sure it's pure at a glance. Its quality has to measure up to the same standards that other edible oils have to satisfy, you see. Also, its taste is bland and there is no odour. So, all the flavour of your cooking stays intact. It even saves food from rancidity much longer than other cooking media.

Economical.

As compared to (say) groundnut oil, refined cottonseed oil is less expensive. Using it in your kitchen can ease the strain on your household budget because you need to use less of refined cottonseed oil in cooking, even for deep-frying. (And don't forget the medical bills it may save you.)

Get to know more. Free facts.

American and Egyptian housewives are already convinced about all these benefits refined cottonseed oil brings. They use it daily for cooking.



Should you lag behind? Get hold of full facts on this sensible cooking medium. They're yours free, if you fill and send this coupon to us. Now.

Clip, fill and post now

All India Cottonseed Crushers' Association,
Khetan Bhavan, Jamshedji Tata Road, Bombay 400 020.

Yes! I want to know more about the sensible cooking medium. Please rush me, free of cost and without obligation, the colourful fact-packed folder, "Refined cottonseed oil makes sense".

Please tick language wanted:
☐ English ☐ Hindi ☐ Marathi
☐ Gujarati ☐ Telugu ☐ Kannada

My name _____

My address _____

_____ (Pin code) _____

We are a family of _____ adults and _____ children.

We are ☐ vegetarians ☐ non-vegetarians.

At present, we use _____ as the main cooking medium.

aicosca
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AMJAD KHAN

Not a trace of egoism

Vijaya Irani

His physical bulk could fill you with awe and unease if you do not know Amjad. But when you do, you discover the utter modesty and humility of the man; he seems almost apologetic for looking so formidable. Then you know what the real Amjad Khan is as a human being. And when you talk to him what impresses you most, what wins your respect, is his controlled balance of mind. And that is the explanation for his surviving his four-shift schedule with such lack of tension, physical wear and tear, and his easy, good natured talk.

"What helps, I suppose," he explained, "is my cultivated capacity to turn on and off. We have got to be that way. If we carry the hangover of one role into the next schedule, we'd be messing up our work, wouldn't we? So far, there's been no problem with my producers as far as attendance is concerned. Somehow I manage to get to my sets on time. Of course, it is another matter if there has been some hold-up at the previous shooting. But then in that case the simple exercise of informing the next producer who is waiting for you, of the delay, helps him relax. Yes, and then when one takes a holiday on Sunday, that compensates for the high workload put in during the week."

In Amjad's talk the "I" is almost totally missing — which for a famous star, is a near miracle. There is not the least trace of egoism in him and his talk reflects this.

His lack of any self-importance shows in the venue of his interviews.

He demands no quiet, secluded room.

He talks with you wherever you may find him. The present interview, for example, took place in the office of a busy producer, crowded and noisy. Visitors and office staff entered and left; the greetings, questions and answers were loud and hearty — or angry — and the telephone added its raucous sound to the general cacophony yet Amjad was as serene and clear headed as if he were in sound-proof, air-conditioned isolation.

We veered around to his undertaking film direction in addition to the four-shift acting schedule. How does he do it?

"I told you, this habit of turning on and off. And if one plans his time properly, one can manage an extra activity."

With his cultured mind, how does he feel about the commercial films he is doing today?

"Listen, films are primarily for entertainment; so let's keep it that way. You don't go to a circus to be educated, do you? There are schools and colleges and libraries to educate the public.

"If in the course of entertaining, a film gives off a subtle idea to set people thinking, that's fine. But I don't believe in films that close in on a roti with a fly hovering around it, while 10,000 feet of precious film is being wasted away! Some of the art films just fail to get off the ground with such obscure ideas. When films are not understood and the characters not identified with by the audiences, I think they are a waste of money and labour.

"My champions are the Manmohan Desais and the Prakash Mehras and their kind, who can turn out masterpieces on screen which make throngs beat a path to the theatres, and sit glued to their seats for three solid hours! It is a tough job — try doing it! People want to see what they want to see — not what you want to show them! Let an art film-maker fill the Minerva theatre for just one full day, leave alone pack it for four-odd years as "Sholay" has been doing. A balance between the utterly fantastic and indigestible reality does the trick.

"I like to see a lot of movies when I can. Whenever there is a cancellation of shooting, my wife and I go down to town and see three or four films. We call it the Grand Slam, to make up for the dry, filmless stretch of days. My wife is the typical cinegoer: when the mother-in-law throws the daughter-in-law out of the house, Shehla weeps in the theatre. And I see the film as a technical man — how the shots must've been taken, etc. We represent two opposite angles, but we manage to see as many films as we can.

"You are known to be a very family minded man, aren't you?"

"Very true. Who else am I working for so hard? My family is all I live for. Home is a happy place where I get a lot of love, security and strength. If you are nagged and pecked at in the home, you can never be successful in your work."

His is a healthy theory — he works for the well being of the home, and the happiness in the home helps him work better!

Photograph: Rakesh Shrestha

the suicide

A. Vijay

When a young man of Suresh's prospects ends his life, there is bound to be a lot of talk about the why and wherefore of it. As his closest friend I was the target of many of the questions. Those making the query were not inspired by any unhealthy curiosity for the sensational but a genuine desire to know why. For it is difficult for human beings to comprehend why a being like themselves should seek to end what seems to them to be their most precious possession.

There was indeed need to wonder. The usual letter of farewell left by Suresh, when he took his life by walking into the sea and swimming outwards till he was swallowed up by it — watched, one may add, by a large number of people who realised too late what was happening — merely said that he had decided to end his life. It left no trace of a cause which curious minds and wagging tongues could embroider into a scandal.

Suresh, at the time he cut it short, was on the threshold of a successful life. Son of a school master, his progress through school and college was one of unbroken success in the class room and on the playing field. Having taken his Master's Degree in Economics, he had sat for the I.A.S. and was awaiting the result, which in view of his past record, was a foregone conclusion.

It was while they were in college that he met my cousin Meenakshi and fell in love with her. Needless to say, I did every thing I could to encourage the coming together of two people very dear to me, and, God forgive me, even acted as their courier on many occasions.

There are many learned opinions expressed on why two people fall in love; some say it is a meeting of minds, some an attraction between opposites. Perhaps both are true in varying proportions. But there was no doubt in this case that the two lovers were widely divergent in their temperaments.

Meenakshi was as frivolous as Suresh was serious. It often amused me to come upon them in some lonely spot with Suresh holding forth in all seriousness about the depth of his feelings for her his aspirations for their future, etc., etc., while Meenakshi listened with an impatience which should have been clear to any one but the innocent Suresh.

It is difficult for any Indian girl to take the lead in what the Americans with their genius for euphemism call "necking," but it would have been apparent to any other young man that what Meenakshi wanted was not words but some sort of physical expression of their love for each other. But to Suresh his loved one was not a woman of this earth, made of flesh and blood, but some one so holy that the very thought of anything that the world may think of as scandalous was unimaginable.

In spite of this, Meenakshi was really attracted by Suresh and, since there was nothing that even the most orthodox could object to in a marriage between the two the affair would have run its course and the two would have got married to "live happily ever after" but for one of fate's scurvy tricks.

This happened at our annual football match with the Presidency college. As usual, our college and the Presidency were the chief rivals for the top honours in the inter-collegiate league that year also, and the match had attracted the usual large crowd of students. Suresh was our star centre forward and the task of keeping him in check fell on the hefty centre-half of the Presidency — Rajaram.

Rajaram was a good centre-half, but he knew that Suresh could be kept away from the goal only by upsetting his game with a little rough play. So, from the beginning he began to play the man rather than the ball and it worked. Suresh, completely thrown out of humour, started kicking wildly without stopping to collect the ball, control it and wait for his opportunity. I spoke to him at half time about it and Meenakshi who was also watching the game added her advice to mine. That was how in the second half he ignored Rajaram's rough tactics and scored a beautiful goal which gave our college both points.

With the game over, Suresh Meenakshi and I were standing and talking, when Rajaram sauntered over, ostensibly to congratulate Suresh and offer apologies for the rough play. But from the way his eyes kept straying to Meenakshi while talking to Suresh, one could surmise the real reason for his visit. Well, Suresh had to be civil, accept the apology and introduce Meenakshi and me.

It was however evident in the next few days that Rajaram had fallen madly in love with Meenakshi. To him love was like other games he played and excelled in. As in other games he had already made his mark in this game also. For him, as in all other games, there were rules to be observed, strategies to be planned, tactics to be adopted and the final objective to be won.

2. MEENAKSHI

I first saw Rajaram that day when our college played Presidency at football. When he joined us while we were standing together and talking about the game, my feeling about him was one of anger for the rough tactics he had adopted against Suresh. Yet all the while he was talking to Ramu and Suresh, I could feel his eyes going over

me, leaving me with the feeling that I was standing there naked before everyone. In vain I tried to cover myself up by pulling the top portion of the saree round my body; his glances seemed to pierce through my clothing. I was therefore thankful when he left and I could walk back to my hostel with Ramu and Suresh.

Next day, in the morning post there was a letter from Rajaram. No need for me to say what it contained. I tore it up and threw it away. I said to my self that next time I see him I shall tell him how matters stood

IT WAS AS IF THE DREAM HE HAD BUILT UP AROUND HIMSELF AND ME HAD CRASHED AND BURIED HIM UNDER THE DEBRIS. IT WAS HEART-RENDING TO SEE THE DEEP PAIN IN HIS EYES LIKE A WOUNDED DEER

between me and Suresh and he, in all decency, would lay off.

There was another one during the week which received the same treatment from me. And then, at the start of the visiting hour on Saturday, Rajaram came to see me. I had just finished dressing after a bath, when I was told that there was a visitor to see me. I came down with my wet, loose hair flowing down my back expecting to see Suresh and there was Rajaram. Again that look that sweeps over you making you feel excited or creepy according to your temperament.

Rajaram started by enquiring whether I had received his letters and if I had, why I did not reply. I told him about the understanding between Suresh and myself and that I could not and did not wish to write to him. At the same time, I was not entirely displeased with the obvious admiration for me that his eyes proclaimed. But he would not give up and suggested that there was no harm in having more than one string to one's bow. He went on to suggest that I should go to the pictures with him next Saturday, but I declined. After sitting for some more time, he left.

Half an hour after he left, Suresh arrived. I ran down the stairs when the visitor was announced, being certain that this time it could be none other than Suresh, and I would have liked to run into his arms. But though the visiting room was deserted except for the two of us, Suresh was as usual "correct" in his behaviour with me. With a smile he asked me, "How are you?"

While he talked my mind kept wandering to the look Rajaram gave to my body when he was there, his eyes reflecting the desire for me, the Meenakshi of flesh and blood. Suresh, on the other hand, looked grave, as if the talk of love reminded him of the great load of responsibility he was proposing to assume. I brought the talk round to the picture "Four Feathers" which was starting at Elite theatre next Saturday.

"What about going to the picture 'Four Feathers' next Saturday, Suresh?"

"I would love to, Meena, but I am not sure I can get away from football practice."

"'Oh, Suresh! Let us go and cut your practice for once."

"Well, I shall try. If I do not phone and say 'no,' take it we are going."

My disappointment can therefore be imagined when next Saturday morning Suresh phoned to say that he could not make it. I was sitting pensively in my room after lunch on that day when the guest room attendant announced a visitor. Thinking that Suresh had after all been able to make it, I changed quickly to go to the pictures and came down. It was Rajaram!

"Hullo," he said. "Remember I asked you to the pictures today and you said 'no'? I thought you may change your mind after a week. So I took a chance, bought two tickets for the balcony at Elite. You know 'Four Feathers' is a good picture. Here I am. What about it? Do let us go."

I stood there undecided for a short time. Then I said, "Don't you have a match to play today?"

"Oh, we are playing some rabbits today and the team can do without me." Then laughing, he said. "What about coming with me to the picture?"

"All right. But I must be back directly from there."

And that is how I went to the picture house with Rajaram. It was innocent enough. Even when Raj tried to hold my hand, he did not persist when I showed that I did not like it. But there were prying eyes and wagging tongues in that theatre and it was not long before wild stories about Raj and me began to circulate and reached Suresh's ears.

To Suresh it was as if the dream he had built up around himself and me had crashed and buried him under the debris. It was heart rending to see him: the deep pain in his eyes like a wounded deer. But again he went about tackling me in the wrong way. Instead of asserting himself, as the bovfriend first on the scene, he started cautioning me about the danger of going out with a person of Raj's reputation with girls. Immediately I was on the offensive. I told him that I was a free woman, well able to look after myself and that I would not allow him to decide with whom I should consort; if he was too busy to take me out, I would certainly go out with those who had the time, and let people talk. Finding me adamant, Suresh left with a downcast face.

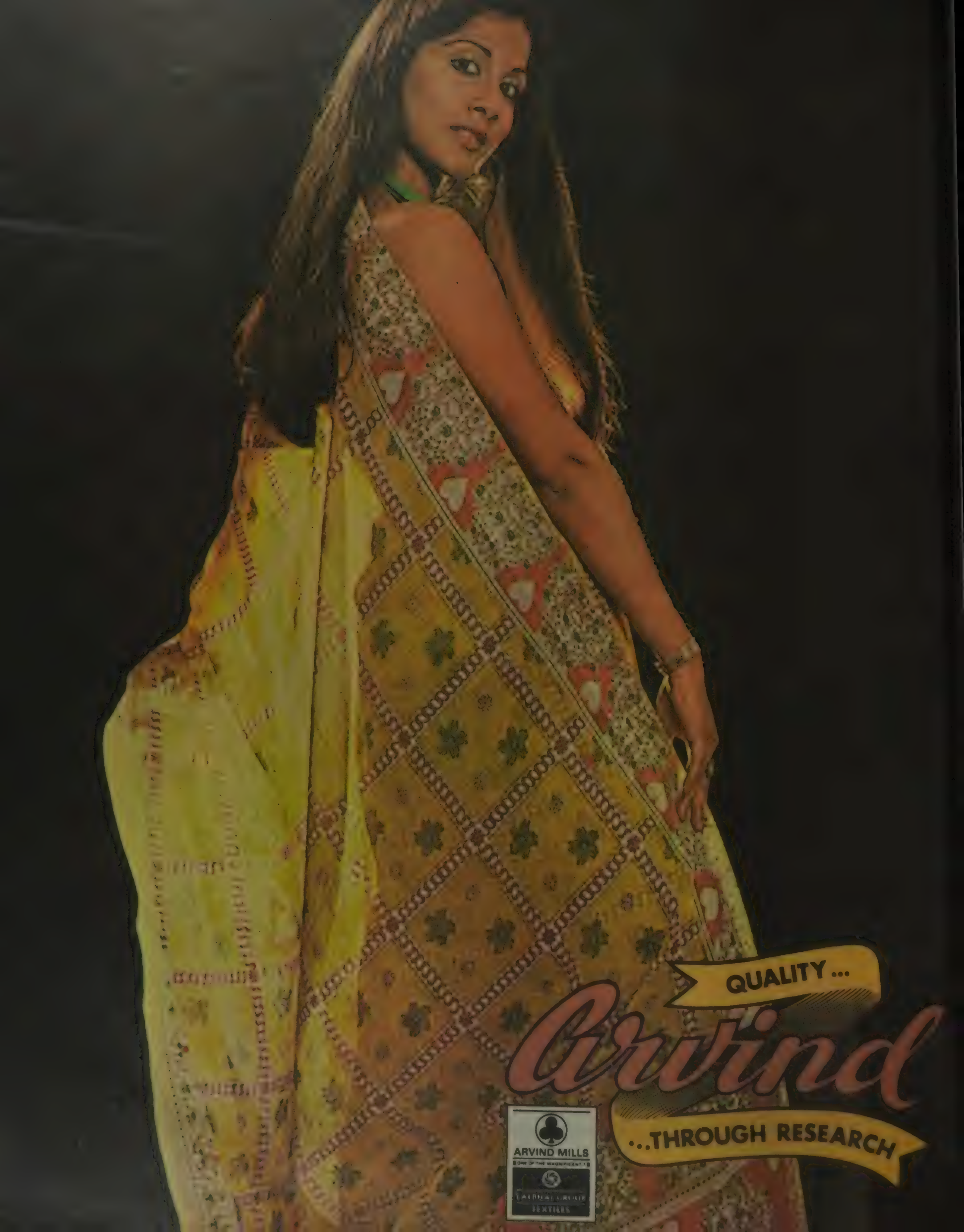
Thus we parted. My heart yearned for Suresh, but my pride would not permit me to give up Raj and go back to Suresh or leave the dangerous path I was treading. I hardened my heart and turned to Raj, and he, only waiting for the opportunity, increased the ardour of his courting.

He started writing every other day and I started replying. Carried away by romantic feelings my letters started to match his in ardour. He came to see me every Saturday and we started to stroll along the beach which fronted our hostel. It was not long before we started strolling towards the lonely parts of the beach. I realise now that Raj unobtrusively chose that we should do so, but at that time it all appeared natural and accidental to me. The idea of love for this young man took firm hold of me. But every time I wrote to him letters of love, strolled with him holding hands, deep down in my heart there appeared to be a gnawing remorse for something beautiful that had been lost.

Within a week Raj asked permission to kiss me good night. Though I refused the first time, the next occasion I silently nodded. Raj crushed me in his arms and my whole body trembled as I felt his hot lips on mine. That was the beginning of the steep downward slide for me. Raj's stratagems for physical expression of our love progressed on well-known lines and at every stage after a few refusals I yielded. My body shouted for fulfilment, and to tell the truth Raj was not unattractive to me.

He was clean and well-dressed; he was kind, gentle and attentive; never taking advantage, never going beyond what I permitted him; and I who was thirsty for love, slowly and without being conscious of it, slid towards that final surrender, which in our country few woman are called upon to make outside marriage even at present.

Did I think of Suresh at all in these days? It is so difficult for me to say. But those hurt and pained eyes seemed to be wat-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Bankipur, Patna.

THE SUICIDE

ching me from a distance every time I returned from an outing.

Even then I could have perhaps escaped without the final surrender but for fortuitous circumstances. It happened during the Michaelmas holidays. My mother had to go to nurse an elder sister when my father was out of India, locking up the house. It was therefore decided that I should stay on at the hostel for the ten-day vacation.

In an unguarded moment I mentioned this to Raj. He at once decided that he also would not go home but stay on in his lodge where he would be alone for the period. During these ten days Raj was assiduous in his courting, barely leaving me alone for his meals. When on the sixth or seventh day he suggested that I go to his lodge, my sense of right and wrong had been so lulled that I did not raise any serious objection.

Once we were in his room, there was nothing I could deny Raj. Even though a sense of wrong doing and shame strove to stop me, a sense of curiosity and sense of obligation to Raj easily had the upper hand. Raj came over and sat near me and putting his hands over my shoulder drew me tight and kissed me full on the mouth. Still in that position his right hand started fumbling with the hooks of my choli.

It may sound strange, but the fear that he may tear my choli made me hasten to his help. Soon I could feel his palm close over my breasts and as the choli opened further his lips started following his hands. I lay passive, doing nothing to aid him or obstruct. The final consummation, however, I could not easily submit to, and in panic I started saying "No!" "No!" But Raj was by now too far aroused to stop and I was soon too exhausted to offer any resistance. The act over, we lay side by side in the evening twilight.

What thoughts passed through my mind as I lay there? Chiefly shame, fear, vague thoughts of how stupid I had been in yielding to my juvenile instincts. Again and again I kept on repeating to myself, "You are finished, Meena," desperately, hating myself, fearful of the future.

The irrevocability of what I had done came back to me once I was back at the hostel. It appeared to me that I had reached the end of the road and beyond lay a void, an emptiness in which I must spend the rest of my life.

The next day, when Raj came to see me, to his utter surprise, I refused to see him. After waiting for a long time and seeing that I was adamant, he went away. Next day he wrote a letter to me affirming his never ending love, and assuring me that what had happened had not in any way reduced his respect and regard for me. He repeated that he wanted to marry me and that if I had no objection he would ask his parents to take the initiative to approach mine.

To none of his letters did I reply. I almost shut myself up in my room and when my hostel mates returned from their holidays they were surprised at the change in me. But to all their question I remained silent, leaving them to put whatever construction they wanted on the matter.

Along with the feeling of despair, the image of Suresh started to haunt me again. In my imagination I would see him again as he was when I saw him last — in his eyes the pained look of a mortally wounded deer.

"Suresh," I kept on saying to myself. "Your Meena is no more. I hope you have forgotten her and found a more worthy girl to love." And yet the longing started to grow in me to sit near him, as of old, and hear him talk in that lovely voice of his about the purity of love, of the ideal marriage and a happy home — things which I shall know no more.

I knew very well that there was no more any question of being Suresh's wife, soiled as I was. Yet curiosity about his whereabouts and longing for his company kept egging me on to write to him. I tried to resist this impulse; wrote scores of letters and tore them up as soon as they were finished without posting them, till finally one day, I plucked up enough courage to post a note.

3. SURESH

What is this thing called love between man and woman? Of what chemical is it compounded and how? Having read of love, sacred and profane, depicted with fervour, with sardonic wit and even with obscenity by the great English writers, I was still not prepared for its attack. Again and again, I kept on telling myself that it was plain silly that I should just see a girl and

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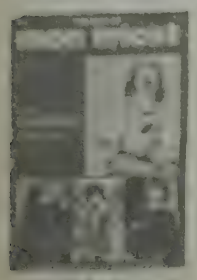

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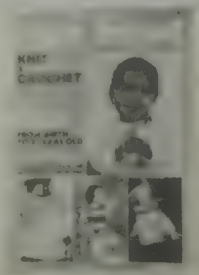

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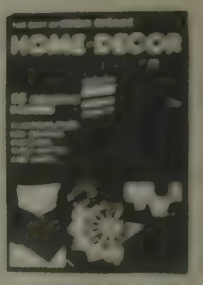

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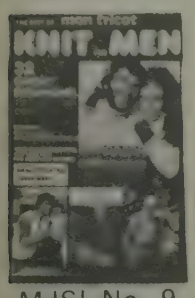

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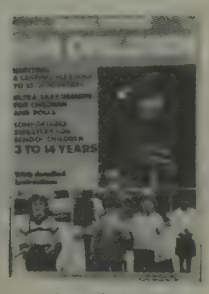

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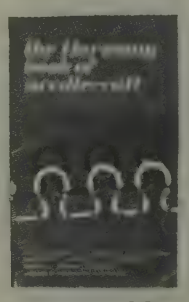

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THE SUICIDE

feel that there was no one else more important for me in life. But that was precisely what happened when I first met Meenakshi. There was no logic in it nor any explanation, but I knew, even as I knew that I breathed, that here was the girl for me.

I have always been shy and I do not know how I would have managed to communicate with her if I had not found out accidentally that my friend Ramu was her cousin. Contact thus established I was overjoyed to find that Meena was not averse to my friendship. I did not want to rush her, because for me it was important that she grew to love me even as I loved her. For without mutual love it appeared to me that no marriage could succeed, and such marriages would turn into a dreadful drudgery. I therefore saw no reason to hurry any physical expression of our love.

The whole affair would have progressed as I had planned but for the sudden appearance on the scene of Rajaram. It was not at all surprising to me that Raj should be attracted to Meena. Raj, I knew, had no time for spiritual values of love, or for that matter, of any other aspect of life, and it was but natural that he should court Meena in the most forthright way. But what surprised me was Meena's reaction.

She seemed to treat Raj's approaches with the same favour that she had shown to mine. In fact, the more ardent and direct wooing of Raj appeared to waken something lying dormant in her. As I watched from a distance often unknown to her, I could see that she was more spirited, more gay when she was with him.

People began to talk about them soon enough, and often I would listen with a heavy heart to my friends gossiping about their relationship. Though Meena received me with apparent friendliness when I went to see her and continued to maintain that she loved me, I could see the far away look in her eyes and the barely concealed boredom when I talked to her about love, marriage and our future life together.

I soon realised that I was loosing her to Raj but nothing in my training had taught me what to do about it. The final break came when Meenakshi wanted me to take her to the picture the day I had a practice match. As captain I had been critical of my team mates who cut practice on frivolous excuses and it did not seem right to me that I should set a bad example by absenting myself from practice so that I could take my girl friend to the pictures.

Well, Raj apparently found time to do so, and after that I could sense that it was not I whom she cared for. So I thought it best to withdraw from the contest though I knew that there would never be another girl for me. Though gossip about Raj and Meenakshi used to come to my ears and make me miserable, I shut myself away from it all by throwing myself into my studies and heavy physical excercise to tire myself out and forget my pain.

There matters stood for about six months till I received a letter from Meenakshi out of the blue, congratulating me for my recent selection to play for the University. The letter also hinted that she would not be averse to a renewal of relationship. Like the first rains in monsoon falling on parched land, it immediately roused all my slumbering love for her, which had never died. I hastened to reply, not stopping to consider the reason for the change in her attitude.

The course of our love this time was entirely different. Though I was shy and retiring as before, Meenakshi took the lead every time. Whereas previously she had replied at random after I had written three or four times and I nearly despaired of getting a reply, she now insisted on writing daily. She wrote letters full of passion and loving phrases and I, who, even before was passionate in my letters, found her's matching mine.

When we met she insisted on my sitting near her and gradually, from holding hands, we drifted to physical intimacies. I loved to fondle her small round breasts while she rested her head on my shoulder in utter peace and surrender. Needless to say, I was in seventh heaven; my faith in God returned; and I praised Him daily for bringing her back to me.

Thus it would have gone on but for my elder sister seeing me reading her letter one day. This sister was in college with us and she had always been critical of Meenakshi's forward ways and my friendship with her. So she asked me whether I was courting Meenakshi again and when I answered "yes," she said, "What has happened to Rajaram? Has he cast her away?"

I was taken aback by the questions and the insinuation behind them. I got quite angry and told her, "Just because a girl meets a boy and goes about with him, your dirty mind jumps to the conclusion that she has gone to bed with him."

She gave a short laugh. "Well, make sure she hasn't before you marry her." And without waiting for my angry retort, she walked off leaving me with my mind in a terrible turmoil.

The next time I met Meenakshi she sensed that there was something on my mind and she asked me what it was. I frankly told her about the talk I had with my sister. To my surprise instead of getting angry and denying the shocking, shameful insinuation, she kept quiet and sat looking down. Naturally, this led me to believe that there was something in what my sister had hinted at, so, I questioned her directly and persisted. Finally Meenakshi lifted her face and looking me squarely in the face, said, "Suresh! I cannot now say that there is nothing in what people say. I was free with Raj once and I allowed him to do whatever he wanted with my body. I am no longer a virgin. But it is not true that he has cast me away. It was I who realised my error and would have no more of him. Suresh, whatever he has done to my body is only like dirty water splashed on me by a passing vehicle on the road. It is all washed off when I come home and have a bath. I am now yours and will remain yours for ever. There is much happiness in store for us if only you would forget the past."

Saying this she shyly took my hand and made as if to place it on her breast. But I, totally shattered by what I had just heard from her, was stunned, repelled. She waited for perhaps a minute, then slowly got up and walked away.

4. RAMU

Having been instrumental in bringing together two young people whom I loved and admired, imagine my disappoint-

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Give a blazing start to your children's career. Maybe higher education. Syndicate Bank's Children's Welfare Security Certificate comes in handy. Under this scheme, repayment of the amount would be made to you (as natural guardian) if your son or daughter has not attained the age of majority. However, if your son or daughter attains the age of majority, the amount would be paid to him/her.

You can present the certificate to your friend's son or daughter too. Available in denomination of Rs. 100/- or it's multiples. For example : (A certificate of Rs. 1000 matures to Rs. 1314.50 after 39 months Rs. 1680.00 after 63 months.

CUMULATIVE DEPOSITS

Our Cumulative Deposit scheme is multi-purpose oriented. It is a very convenient plan to take care of you and your family. When the need arises, you are well prepared.

You can save every month as little as Rs.5/- The more the better.

CUMULATIVE ANNUITY DEPOSIT

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Pay Rs. 100/- every month for 10 years, you will get Rs.169.85 per month as the principal with interest of Rs. 20, 557 is kept intact as term deposits for 63 months or over.

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SOCIAL SECURITY DEPOSITS

If you open a SSD account with a minimum of Rs.1000/- for 5 to 10 years, you can get the interest either every month or at the end of every quarter. An excellent provision for retirement.

Or you can open a Cumulative Deposit and invest the interest earned every month for specific periods. You save the interest—and the interest grows—
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PRAGATHI CASH CERTIFICATE

You can invest a small odd sum for a period ranging from 1 to 10 years in Pragathi Cash certificate and get a bigger round sum on maturity. You get a maturity value of Rs. 1000/- when you invest Rs. 595.39 for 63 months. Available in several denominations.

VIKAS CASH CERTIFICATE

You can also take a Vikas Cash Certificate in denominations of Rs.100 Rs. 500, Rs. 1000, Rs. 5000 etc. for 1 to 10 years. Where a large sum of money is required at a point of time, the Vikas Cash Certificate comes in handy.

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63 months scheme

Monthly instalment	Rs. 100 Rs. 250	Loan amount	Rs. 16,400 Rs. 41,000

120 months scheme

Monthly Instalment	Rs. 100 Rs. 250	Loan amount	Rs. 40,800 Rs.1,02,000

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THE SUICIDE

ment when I saw that dirty Don Juan, Rajaram, displacing Suresh in Meenakshi's affections. I tried once or twice when I could get Meenakshi alone, to tell her she was making a terrible mistake in falling for that cad. But Meenakshi would have none of that and would cut me short with, "Ramu, I shall go away if you start that topic. I am old enough to know what I am doing."

It was with a heavy heart that I watched the affair developing. When the other students started talking about Rajaram having his way with Meena I picked a few fights, but being badly outnumbered I only got the worst of it. One thing I must say for Rajaram; he never went about boasting of his relations with Meenakshi as many other Lotharios among students did about their girl friends.

I must admit that he really was in love with Meenakshi and was as hurt and broken as Suresh was earlier when, in what had become totally incomprehensible to me, Meenakshi broke off with him too, and stopped seeing him.

But I was overjoyed when Meenakshi somehow made up with Suresh and they started being friends again. Even from a distance it was good to see the radiance in Suresh's face when he returned from an outing with Meenakshi. Suresh was no longer the young man with the always serious and melancholy look. Not only was he playing football for the University now but he passed his M.A. with a first class.

Suddenly the situation changed again. No longer were Suresh and Meenakshi to be seen together and their invitations to me to join them also stopped. It was soon clear to me that something had gone seriously wrong. Unlike the previous time when they had broken up, this time Suresh appeared completely distraught. Every time I spoke to Meenakshi to find out what had gone wrong she refused to talk about Suresh.

Suresh, in his turn, not only refused to discuss the subject but started avoiding me. He was studying for his I.A.S. examination and even in his unhappiness, the habit of study, the inborn urge to give of his best in anything he undertook, kept him going. It was when the examination was over, in which as I understood from his father, he had done quite well, that he gave himself up to complete despair. I tried my best to distract him, to draw him out, but to no avail.

I heard of the extreme step that Suresh had taken with disbelief. My first concern was naturally for his aged parents. I went at once to their home and found the whole family stricken. His aged father — my good schoolmaster — was completely bewildered. The mother had taken to her bed. Only his elder sister would talk to me. When I tried to console her, she started to curse Meenakshi between her fits of crying and sobbing. It was then that I could get a clue to the tragedy and realise that my worst fears had come true.

The evil gossip about Raj and Meena had indeed got to Suresh possibly through this very sister. I wondered whether the sister knew that she had killed Suresh as truly as if she had cut his throat with her own hands. Oh, what crimes are committed by people acting with the best of motives!

The sister could only think of Meenakshi as a bad girl from whom she had to save her precious brother. She could not or would not see that love had already made Meenakshi part of Suresh and that in trying to part them she was performing an amputation without any idea how to stop the resultant bleeding. No wonder he bled to death.

After consoling the family as best I could. I went to see Meena. One could see the grief and pain writ large on her face, but at first she tried to put a brave front on it.

"Yes, Ramu, I have heard that Suresh has taken his own life. Well, there was nothing I could do to prevent it. He was not in love with this Meenakshi you see in front of you, but some girl of his dreams. He only projected that girl on to me. When he realised that I was far from the ideal, pure girl of his dreams but a human being of flesh and blood, liable to err and fall, he could not reconcile himself to living with that fact.

"You know, it was his sister, who no doubt loved him, who told him about the ugly talk going around about my relations with Raj? Well, she really killed him. But yet it is his own foolishness and inability to face reality. Surely there is no bigger fool than the starry eyed idealist who refuses to recognise this life as it really is."

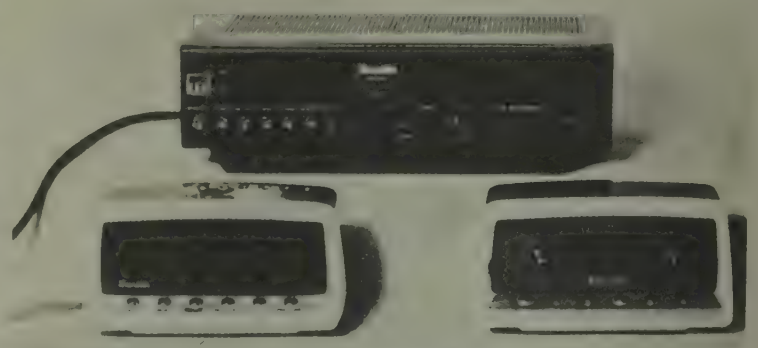
When she had said this much, the dam that was holding back her tears burst, and throwing herself on the bed she cried her heart out. I sat there by her side for some time thinking of the cruel ways of destiny and all that might have been. Then I got up and walked away, leaving her sobbing.

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.

For the first time in India, Zenith Electronics Pvt. Ltd. have introduced an amazing range of digital electronic clock-radios, alarm clocks and watches, manufactured in collaboration with Texas Instruments Inc. The products contain special crystals that ensure accurate time despite voltage fluctuations. The clock-radio combinations cover medium wave and full three-band reception which can be set to switch on automatically to any programme at the time it starts.

Displayed here are the three-band clock-radio with musical alarm in brown with wood-grain finish in plastic (Rs. 950); digital alarm clock with musical alarm (Rs. 550), and battery operated radio-clock (Rs. 750) — which can be had in six colours; digital watches with stainless steel straps and a spare battery (Rs. 395). Prices are inclusive of taxes. Can be had at leading stores and watch dealers throughout the country.



EVE'S WEEKLY–SHRI AMBICA MILLS

GRAND SUCCESSFUL SHOWS

BANGALORE

Once again, an **Eve's Weekly** show! So said Bangalore's discerning citizens who loyally look forward to a feast of beauty and colour from their favourite magazine.

This year **Eve's Weekly,** in association with **Shri Ambica Mills** presented a grand Beauty Contest and Fashion Show at the Ravindra Kalakshetra before a large and distinguished gathering. **Mr. Govind Narain,** Governor of Karnataka, was the Chief Guest of the evening and he, along with his charming wife, enjoyed a very slick and professional show. The highlight of this year's Beauty Contest was the crowning of the **Ambiqueen** and **Ambiprincess** by the famous film star — beloved of Bangalore — **Amjad Khan.**

Pretty **Jane Lobo** was announced the Ambiqueen with Amrita Naidu as the Runner-up. Tall and dusky **Tanuja Patel** became Ambiprincess with Nurith Shellim as the Runner-up. The two Winners received cash prizes and fabulous gifts. The Runners-up also received lovely gifts.

The judging of the Double Beauty Contest was done by Mr. V. Venugopala Naidu, Commissioner for Home Affairs, Government of Karnataka, Mr. S. B. Muddappa, Chairman, Karnataka State Industrial Investment Development Corporation, Mr. F. J. Heredia, Mrs. B. K. P. Rao, Amjad Khan and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor of Eve's Weekly and Star & Style.

The fabulous, export-oriented Fashion Show was given a rousing ovation by the Bangalore audiences. Seven female and three male models displayed mod and slick outfits made from gorgeous Shri Ambica fabrics.

MADRAS

Excitement prevailed, the contestants were graceful and lovely, the fashion models glamorous and the outfits "real cool" — when the Eve's Weekly and Shri Ambica Mills Beauty Contest-cum-Fashion Show hit the stage at the spacious, well-appointed Kalai Vanar Arangam.

Ten pretty girls, selected earlier from the many entries that came for the preliminaries, walked the ramp for the coveted titles of Ambiqueen and Ambiprincess.

The judges for the evening included Mr. T. T. Vasu, Mr. P. Unnikrishnan, Kamalahasan, famous film star of the South, Mr. A. C. Muthiah and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing. The Chief Guest of the

1. At Bangalore. Amjad Khan (centre) crowned the Ambiqueen and Ambiprincess. At extreme left are Mrs. Gulshan Ewing and Mr. J. C. Jain, and at right Mr. and Mrs. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas.

2. Ambiqueen Jane Lobo and Ambiprincess Tanuja Patel.

3. Crowning the Queen. Amjad Khan with Jane Lobo.

4. At Madras. Chief Guest Mr. M. V. Arunachalam says it with flowers to Sharon Antia, Ambiprincess. In the background are Annette Balraj (Runner-up) and Mr. M. Harivallabhdas.

evening was the popular industrialist M. V. Arunachalam.

Arifa Rifasi, cool and confident, was declared Ambiqueen, with Renu Dadlani as Runner-up. And it was pretty **Sharon Antia** who was announced Ambiprincess with Annette Balraj as Runner-up. The two winners were crowned by the Chief Guest and were presented with cash prizes and lovely, expensive gifts. The Runners-up also received gifts.

HYDERABAD

Beautiful, ancient city — and a lovely, mod show. Eve's Weekly in association with Shri Ambica Mills presented a grand Beauty Contest-cum-Fashion Show at Ravindra Bharati with the Governor, **Mr. K. C. Abraham** as the Chief Guest of the evening.

IN THE SOUTH

Ten cute and coy girls were first singled out for the evening's competition to vie for the Ambiqueen and Ambiprincess titles.

As always, the Fashion Show was an unqualified success and drew long and tremendous applause from an appreciative Hyderabad audience. The unique lighting effects, the superb music and the grace and mobility of the seven female and three male models displaying lovely fabrics from Shri Ambica Mills, drew repeated applause.

The Panel of judges included Mr. Sambasiva Rao, ex-Chief Justice, Mrs. Justice Amreshwari, Mr. K. Jaybharat Reddy, Vice Chairman, A.P.I.D.C., Mrs. Kamal Mehra and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing.

Tall and graceful **Kashmira Bhathena** was the obvious choice and won the Ambiqueen title, while the very pretty and serene **Rati Singh** was declared Ambiprincess. The Runners-up were Anita Dayal and Kamini Pamnani, respectively. The two winners were crowned by Mr. Sambasiva Rao and Mrs. Amreshwari and presented with cash prizes and fabulous gifts.

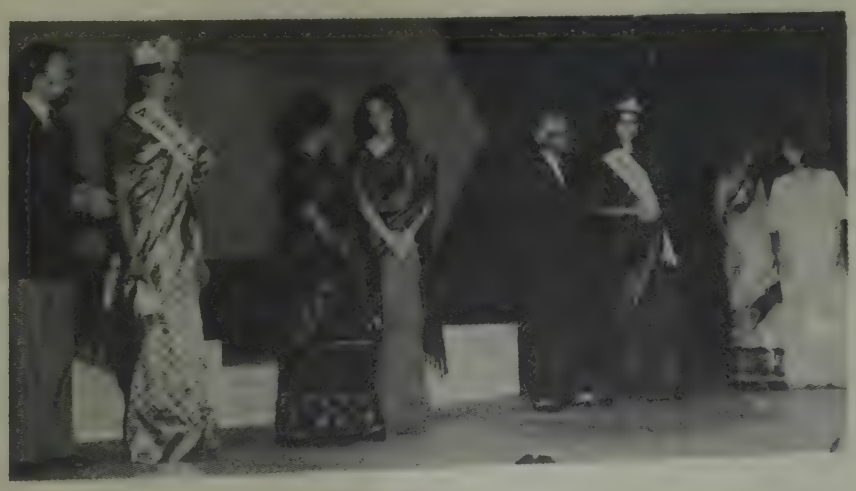
At all three centres, Mr. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas, Mg. Director of Shri Ambica Mills, and Mr. J. C. Jain, Publisher and Chief Executive of Eve's Weekly Ltd., escorted the honoured guests to the stage for the crowning ceremonies.

The Fashion Show, produced by Shanti Chopra and choreographed by Sangeeta Chopra, was delightfully compered by Arjun Bajaj.

There were additional Fashion Shows held at Cochin, which started off this Southern tour. By the time you read this, Calcutta, Kanpur, Delhi and Amritsar will have seen the Beauty Contests and Fashion Shows. Watch out for our report and pictures in the issue of Eve's Weekly December 8.

The all-India final Beauty Contest will be held in Bombay's Shanmukhananda Hall on December 12. All the regional winners from seven centres — 14 in all — will vie for the title of Miss India and Miss Young India. They will all stay at **Oberoi-Towers, India's Renowned and Bombay's Most Magnificent Hotel.** The two lucky girls who win the titles will be showered with big cash prizes and fantastic, expensive gifts and will paticipate as India's representatives at the **Miss International 1980** and **Miss Young International 1980 in Japan.**

Miss India will fly to Japan by courtesy of **Air India.** Miss Young India will also have a free trip to Japan, courtesy of the Sponsors.

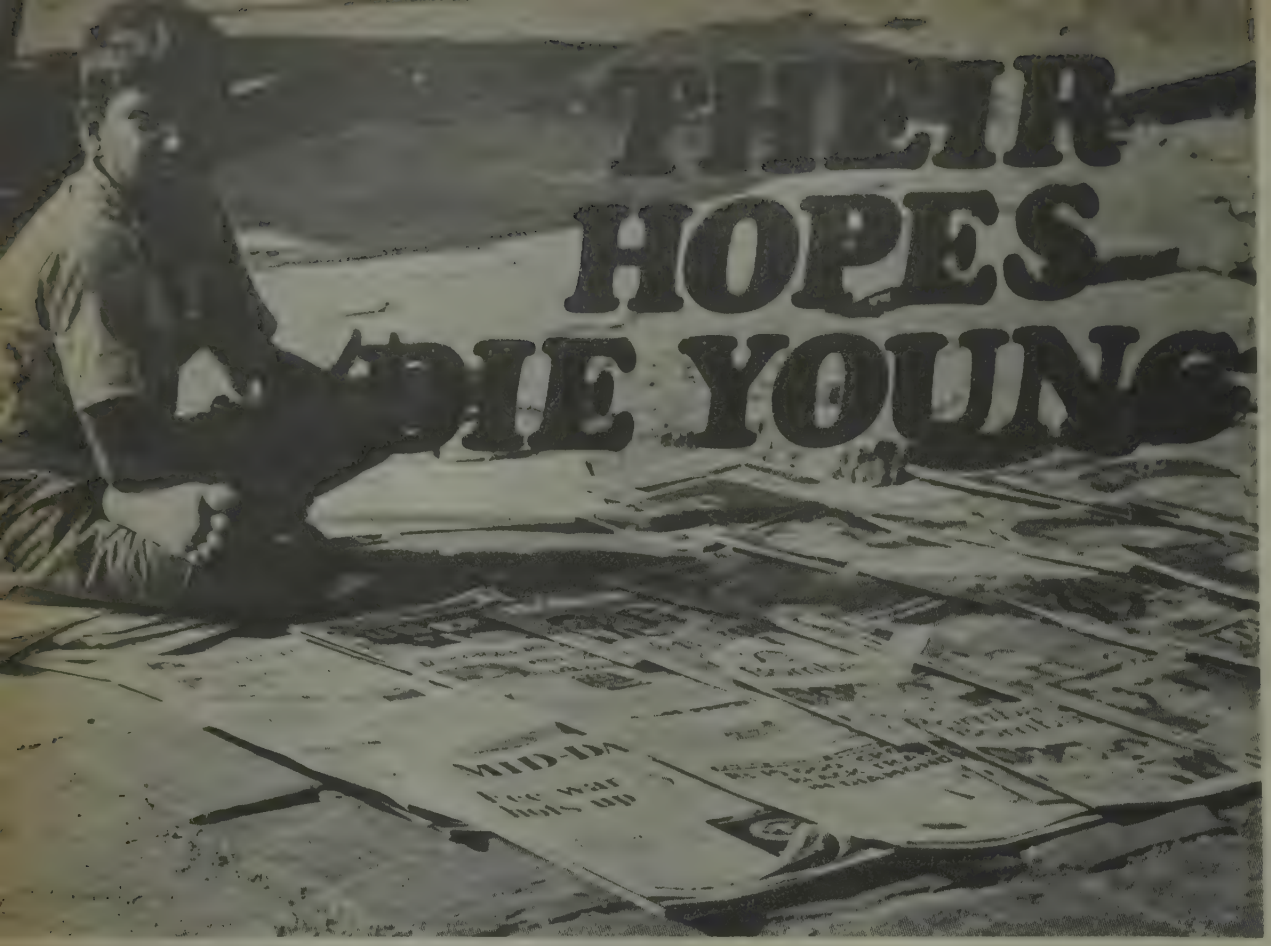


5. The Judges at Madras. (L. to R.) Mr. P. Unnikrishnan, Mr. T. T. Vasu, Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Mr. Kamalahasan and Mr. A. C. Muthiah.

6. Ambiqueen Arifa Rifasi and Ambiprincess Sharon Antia.

7. At Hyderabad. Ambiqueen Kashmira Bhathena is crowned by ex-Chief Justice Mr. Sambasiva Rao. In the background is Mr. M. Harivallabhdas.

8. The winners with the Judges and the organisers.



THEIR HOPES DIE YOUNG

CHILD LABOUR IS A NICE, EASY, AMORPHOUS TERM FOR THE LARGE NUMBER OF CHILDREN WHO, THOUGH SUPPOSEDLY PROTECTED BY LEGISLATION, CONTINUE TO BE EXPLOITED BEYOND BELIEF

Kumkum Chadha

"I ran away from home. Hunger drove me from that hell. We were eight of us, with two, or sometimes three, semi-cooked chappattis between us. I could barely snatch a bite. We would all fight for food and finally get beaten up by our father. I vowed to run away from home and work so that I could earn a decent meal for myself — at least fully cooked rice and a spicy daal. That was my dream.

"So I left home and came to Delhi. That was some years ago. For many weeks then, I lost not only those half-cooked chappattis but also the leaking thatched roof of our hut back home. Hunger gnawed at my entrails and my body was frozen by winter, by rain or roasted by the blazing sun. There seemed nothing ahead. All I wanted was to earn enough for a meal. I could not eat for weeks together. All I could find were some left-overs by begging."

Banwari's voice shook and tears welled up in his eyes as he looked at the duster flung over his shoulder. Today, Banwari has a job at a dhaba where the food of his dreams is cooked, but he can only smell it. He hungrily watches as others eat, while he is left to clean the plates!

"One day I will eat all that," he said, pointing at the chicken biryani, the sheekh kababs, and the naans. "Yes, I will save money and buy myself all that. I will."

Banwari has already tasted part of it — the left-overs in the customers' plates. That has only whetted his young appetite. He wants to seat himself at one of the tables and order the choicest dishes.

He has calculated the cost: "I will need six rupees to buy a meal like that. And I don't know when I will be able to have that much money. At the moment, I am not even being paid anything. I am only given some of the cheaper food, and a place to sleep."

The disappointment in his voice is obvious. His hopes are fading. Meanwhile, the dhaba owner shouts for him, yells out a stream of abuse, pushes him and sends him to clean the plates.

Banwari is just one among the many children who watch the ruthless world pass by, unmindful of the pain and suffering their little minds undergo every moment of their dreary lives — as if to toil and earn a bare subsistence is their only right on this earth.

There are many like Banwari who have either left home on their own or have been sent out to earn their livelihood. There are yet others who live with parents and have the security of a home. But this is only an illusion. They too have to spend the tender, delicate years of their childhood and youth in earning a livelihood to augment their parents' income. The vast majority of the children of the poor have to work, foregoing their right to laughter and learning.

No wonder therefore, the number of child workers is increasing day by day. In Delhi, between the 1961 and 1971 censuses, the number of child workers increased from 10,500 to 14,800. While the percentage of male child workers to total male children in the age group 0-14 years remained the same (at 1.8 per cent), in respect of female child workers it went down from 0.28 per cent in 1961 to 0.22 per cent in 1971.

According to a survey conducted in Delhi by the Department of Social Welfare, Government of India, it was found that working children ranged in age from five to 14 years; boys outnumber girls, comprising 85.3 per cent. It was found that the majority of the children were working in tea shops and dhabas, as domestic servants, as shoe-shine boys, in auto and cycle repair shops, as pickers of rags and other wastes, hawking evening newspapers and making home delivery of milk.

However, there are other occupations also where children are employed. The aforesaid survey showed that 19.1 per cent children were working as sales assistants, hawkers, etc. 17.6 per cent were in printing, block making, composing, book binding, etc. 16.2 per cent were in engineering, mechanical and metal trades such as iron chain making, 11.8

per cent in tailoring, making button holes, etc., 10.3 per cent were in weaving, hand embroidery, enamel work, etc. and 25.0 per cent were in occupations like shoe-repair, etc.

Muslim and Sikh households had proportionately more working children. While Hindu households with working children constituted 48.3 per cent (as against their percentage of 83.8 in the general population according to 1971 Census) Muslim households had 40.0 per cent (as against 6.5 per cent in the general population) and Sikh households 11.7 (as against 7.2 per cent in the general population).

As one of the children, Rahim, explained: "I have to contribute to the family's income. We are 12 of us at home. My father is sick. My mother does not go out to work. The responsibility of feeding so many mouths lies on me and my brothers, seven of whom are younger to me. We do not send out the girls to work. So it is not easy for us boys. I work from morning till night and barely manage to earn 2-3 rupees. I have no steady job. Sometimes I work in a dhaba, other times at the railway station, etc. Between all of us we earn about Rs. 350 a month; two of my brothers have steady jobs."

"My father is sick. My mother does not go out to work. We are 12 of us at home. I have to contr ibute to the family's income..."

The monthly average income of households with child workers is about Rs. 328. The child workers' contribution to this is about 14 per cent. The distribution of households by monthly income shows that 7.2 per cent were earning less than Rs. 100.30, 9 per cent earned between Rs. 101 and Rs. 250. 50 per cent between Rs. 251 and Rs. 500 and 11.9 per cent earned Rs. 501 and above.

About the living conditions of these children, it was found that they were miserable. About 13.3 per cent of the households with working children lived in kucchha houses. Families living in rented houses were 38.6 per cent and 61.4 per cent lived in their own houses. Only 48.3 per cent of the dwellings had water connections inside the house; the rest had to depend on roadside taps. Only one-third of the households had toilets and bathrooms for their exclusive use; 55 per cent of them had neither.

Though the incidence of child labour is very high, it was found that jobs were not easy to get. Nine year-old Mohan highlighted the problem thus: "It is very difficult for us to get work. For one, there are very limited openings. For example, it is very difficult to get a job on construction sites. They prefer adults who can carry brick loads, etc. Domestic servants are also ruled out because unless someone stands guarantee for us no one will employ us. So we are left with dhabas where we are paid badly. Often we are only given our meals. So the people back home have to remain hungry. And most of these jobs are part-time."

The survey also revealed that most of the full-time workers were recruited on the basis of family relationships or through friends and acquaintances. It was difficult for a child to find employment without being introduced by a person known to the employer. The number of those who got employment through their own efforts was negligible.

Most work places were found to be congested. The working hours of the children vary from five to ten and more hours daily. In business establishments, 10.5 per cent of the children worked daily for five hours or less, 76.3 per cent worked for six to 10 hours, and the remaining 13.2 per cent worked for more than ten hours. Of the self-employed children 36.4 per cent worked daily for five hours or less, 36.4 per cent worked from six to ten hours daily and the remaining 27.2 per cent worked daily for more than ten hours. The wages actually paid to children were found to be less than the prescribed rate under the Minimum Wages Act, 1948. Among children who worked in establishments, 83.9 per cent were earning less than Rs. 60 per month.

Categorising the distribution of children, occupation wise, it was found that the duties of child workers in tea shops and dhabhas consist of sweeping the premises, dusting and cleaning chairs, benches and tables, cleaning vessels, serving customers and doing minor errands. 42 per cent of the working children were below the age of 12 years which is the minimum age of entry into employment in establishments coming within the purview of the Delhi Shops and Establishments Act, 1954.

As regards the wages and earnings of children, in six per cent of the cases, the amount of wages was not known to the child as they were being paid directly to the parents. In four per cent of the cases, the wages were not fixed. Where wages were fixed and known, the monthly wage rate was below Rs. 25 in respect of 8.3 per cent, between Rs. 25 and Rs. 50 in respect of 72.9 per cent, between Rs. 50 and Rs. 75 in respect of 10.4 per cent, and Rs. 75 and above in respect of 8.4 per cent. The wages paid were less than those prescribed under the Minimum Wages Act.

The working hours of children employed in tea shops and dhabas in many cases exseeded 12 hours a day. The majority of children started work at about 6 a.m. About 70 per cent worked for more than 12 hours a day, 12 per cent without a rest interval and others with a half hour interval. About 64 per cent did not have a weekly day off. 23 per cent of the children were living with parents, while 77 per cent were living in the premises of the establishments.

Another occupation where child workers find scope is as domestic servants. It was found that the majority of child workers employed as domestic servants were Hindus, about one-tenth belonging to Scheduled Castes. Nearly one-fourth had lost their fathers, compelling them to take up employ-

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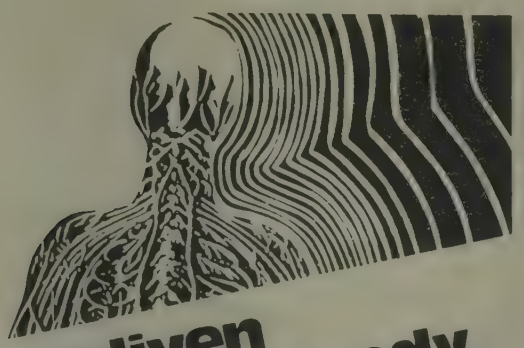

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THEIR HOPES DIE YOUNG

ment. About 84 per cent were in the 12 to 14-year age group, while the rest were between nine and 12 years. About three per cent were girls. Children working as domestic servants start work at about 5 a.m. and are on duty till late at night. Generally they get 2-3 hours off after lunch. Only 17 per cent enjoy a day off in a week. Monthly wages, excluding food, clothing and shelter, were less than Rs. 25 in respect of 6.3 per cent, between Rs. 26 and Rs. 50 in respect of 56.3 per cent, between Rs. 51 and Rs. 75 in respect of 31.2 per cent, and more than Rs. 75 in respect of 3.1 per cent. There was no definite information available in case of the remaining 3.1 per cent.

The food consisted of morning tea with bread, two full meals and afternoon tea. The living and sleeping place in most cases is a closed verandah and in some cases a separate servant's quarter. Clothing provided is seldom a new set. Where the employer had a television set, child workers were allowed to watch programmes.

As regards children who worked as shoeshine boys, the daily hours of work were usually ten to 12, starting from 8 a.m. The average daily earnings of child workers varied from Rs. 3 to 7. Earnings during the rainy season and winter months were less.

As regards children hawking evening newspapers, the number is estimated at between 200 and 300, including a few physically handicapped. Some of the children were going to school. The hawkers of English newspapers were able to earn about 3 paise per copy and hawkers of Hindi newspapers get 4 paise per copy. The working hours of these children start from 3 p.m. and extend up to 8 p.m. They were able to earn a rupee or two per day.

Among the children making home delivery of milk, three-tenths were girls, none of them below 12 years. Only 11.8 per cent of the boys were between the ages of 9 and 12 years, all others were between the ages of 12 and 14 years. About 70 per cent of the children, especially boys, are school going. The wages were in most cases at piece rate, i.e so much per bottle of milk, but in a few cases they were at a monthly rate per bottle, ranging from Rs. 2 to Rs. 5 depending on the locality. The children earn a maximum of Rs. 50 per month.

A fairly large number of children in Delhi are engaged in the collection and sale of rags, old papers and other material like pieces of plastic, polythene sheets, glass pieces, iron scrap, etc. The main source of collection are streets, lanes, dumping grounds, garbage bins and even sewers. About 44.2 per cent of the children were below 11 years, 55.8 per cent were in the age group of 12 to 14 years. The children left their homes between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. and returned late in the evening. The hours of work vary — 15.4 per cent working for more than nine hours a day, 76.9 per cent between six and nine hours, and the remaining 7.7 per cent for less than six hours. About half the children earned between Rs. 2 and 4 per day, nearly one-fifth earned less than Rs. 2 and the remaining three-tenths earned more than Rs. 4 per day. Some children slept at the shop to which they sold their collection.

"We are eight of us, with two, or sometimes three, semi-cooked chappattis between us. All I wanted was to earn enough for a meal. . ."

Of the children working in auto and cycle repair shops, 26 per cent were between the ages of nine and 12 years, 74 per cent between 12 and 14 years. The jobs done by the child workers were dismantling parts, cleaning, oiling, refitting them under supervision, etc. About 63 per cent received daily wages and the rest monthly payments. Daily wages ranged from 50 paise to Rs. 4, and the monthly wages from Rs. 20 to Rs. 120. About 21.0 per cent earned less than Rs. 15 per month, 47.3 per cent earned between Rs. 16 and Rs. 30, 21.0 per cent between Rs. 31 and Rs. 50 and 10.5 per cent between Rs. 101 and Rs. 120. Thus nearly two-thirds got a monthly wage of Rs. 30 or less.

As regards working hours, they were between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. About 74 per cent of the children worked eight to 12 hours a day, and the remaining 26 per cent less than eight hours a day.

Of course, there are laws on the statute books for the protection and welfare of working children, but need, ignorance and indifference diminish their effectiveness. And a majority of them are employed outside the sectors covered by such legislation. Even in the regulated sectors, there are a number of establishments which do not comply with the rules. The study has revealed the employment of children below the stipulated age even by registered establishments and payment of wages at rates below those prescribed under the law.

Whatever the laws and their effectiveness rather, the lack of it, the fact remains that child workers are being exploited. And as the much publicised International Year for the Child comes to an end, one wonders what it has done for these toiling children whose number is multiplying fast as population increases, prices soar and sensitivity withers.

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HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

NITIN VASUDEV

LIFE IS FULL OF CHALLENGES

Nitin caught my attention when I was taking the M.A. class. He was a student appearing for his Master's in Social Work. He was always very alert in listening to the lectures and was also eager to ask questions. Nitin could never accept anything without questioning. Though irritating at times, he was challenging. I also found that he would never use his pen.

One day, after my class, I met him and asked him why he never took down notes. Unhesitatingly he answered, "I am blind." It was a shocking statement, but Nitin had no desire for pity and concern. He did not look blind, as his eyes seemed normal. It was then that I decided to find out why Nitin became blind and how he managed to pursue his studies.

In 1964, Nitin had an attack of typhoid and he had an overdose of chloromycitin which led to spots on the retina and there was a slow deterioration of sight. In 1971, he appeared for his S.S.C. and he had to work hard. This was a great strain on his eyes. It was then that he discovered that words were getting blurred and his eyes were watering. After a thorough check up, the eye specialists declared that his vision was impaired and he should not read and write as it would be a strain on his eyes.

In medical terminology, he had developed "spots on the retina," which impaired his vision partially. It would remain like that throughout his life. So Nitin had to come to terms with reality and accept his new physical condition. It did not hamper his mobility, but it did affect his ability to read and write. Nitin's parents were shocked and depressed on realising Nitin's condition. Nitin was their only son. "Being the youngest, and only son, my parents were very sad, but they never expressed their sorrow lest I feel dejected. They slowly got used to my condition as I started getting used to my condition, but I was in a state of despair," Nitin said.

Then Nitin made up his mind to get out of his depression and face the problem in a realistic manner. He went on to say, "I thought over the matter and decided to take up voluntary work for the blind. This would give me an opportunity to know how the totally blind feel. So I enrolled myself as a volunteer in the National Association for the Blind and worked for a year in the Mata Lachmi Nursery School for the Blind in Bombay. I organised recreation programmes for the blind children and also helped in feeding them."

Nitin soon developed great interest in social work and joined the College of Social Work, Nirmala Niketan, to do his B.A. in social work. He completed the course in 1976. During his training period he gained vast experience in professional social work by organising medical camps, day camps, fund raising, etc.

Nitin has completed M.S.W. Part I, and is now working for Apnalaya, a voluntary organisation. When asked about his reading and preparation for lectures, Nitin said, "When I realised my problem, I wrote to the Readers' Association for the Blind, asking for readers. In response to my appeal, Mr. and Mrs. Trikannad came forward to help me in my studies. When we met we realised that we were neighbours. They entered my life in 1972 and till today they have not only helped me in reading but they have helped me in my moments of despair. They are my godparents.

"Mr. Trikannad, as Asst. Editor of the Free Press Journal, is always busy, but he is there to help me in my moments of depression. Mrs. Trikannad used to spend nearly two hours a day reading to me and she would see that no one disturbed our reading session. She would go out of the way not to entertain guests when I had my exams, as she had to help me with my studies. I owe a great deal to this noble couple who made me what I am today."

He works part-time for Apnalaya in developing a community centre at Govandi. Talking about his work, Nitin said that Apnalaya is an organisation working towards the upliftment of socially deprived communities living in slums. So far four slums have been adopted by this organisation. They organise leadership development programmes for the youth.

"I am now organising adult education and youth leadership programmes at Govandi, which involves about 24,000 heterogenous people of different languages and occupations. For developing awareness in their minds about their living condition, I organise dramas, debates, role playing, etc. I evolve these programmes through a core group."

Nitin does most of his field work at Govandi and enjoys his work. He feels very proud of his association with Apnalaya as he was selected in an open interview from among many qualified candidates. With a bright smile, Nitin said. "My faculty supervisors in the College of Social Work constantly encourage me and help me to keep my self-esteem and they treat me like any other student. I am given no concession regarding assignments, case records, tests and field reports. This has helped me a great deal to view myself as near normal. I rarely feel I am handicapped."

Besides social work, Nitin has also completed a course in Business Management in 1978 from the Institute of Management, Ghatkopar, Bombay. This has given him added skills in management techniques.

He has been very actively concerned with the National Adult Education Programme (N.A.E.P). He is developing an adult education programme at Govandi and is also helping the Project Officer of the Xavier's Institute of Communication to design a training programme for animators (adult education instructors) for effective communication skills.

Talking about marriage, Nitin said, "I want to marry a girl who will accept me completely. It is only then that there can be marital harmony."

At the end of the interview one is filled with admiration for Nitin who lives such a useful life in spite of his handicap and works so enthusiastically for the underprivileged. His face is so cheerful and radiant. In the community where he works they look up to him for leadership and guidance. They hardly feel his grievous misfortune as he never tries to arouse pity or sympathy. Nitin does not have the "Poor me" outlook on life. For him life is full of challenges and he looks forward to facing them and making his life meaningful and socially useful.

Kamala Kumar

IN MY OWN WRITE

Humour, the way it is.

A FEAR OF FLYING INSECTS

One dark steamy night, I was lying abed and worrying about the infinity of the universe, when I heard the flutter of tiny wings. Adrenalin poured into my bloodstream, my heart began to pound, my hands grew clammy and my sweat glands proved yet again that I am a horse and not a lady. Because there is only one creature which can produce that delicate but frantic rustle, that goose-pimpling scutter of half a dozen nasty little legs: the dread Flying Cockroach.

So how come a big tough feminist like me gets high blood pressure from a tiny little bug like a cockroach? Simple — I'm not frightened of bugs, I'm absolutely mindless with terror about bugs. I don't mind white mice, I can look any lizard in the eye and I've picked up snakes and wrapped

them around my little finger. But show me something with a shiny chitinous body, a pair of quivering feelers and god knows how many wings and I start jumping out of windows and into desks.

Like there was the time in school, when we were kneeling piously in chapel for evening prayers and what should happen but a huge big moth blunders straight into my hair. I just went beserk, galloping about the aisle, clutching my head and shrieking rhythmically. Then there was the time on sports day when I, hitherto unskilled at any physical activity, suddenly astounded my captain by streaking past the finish line at the speed of light—I'd been attacked from the rear by a colorado beetle. And there was that time when this insect-freak in my class — a strange reclusive girl whose best friend was a morose katydid—decided she had to reveal to me the life-cycle of this monstrous big butterfly she held in her hand. I kept backing slowly down the corridor making nervous small talk and leering politely when the thing got loose and fluttered aggressively at me. Simultaneously I realized I'd backed into a dead end from which the only escape was a first floor window; if only I'd remembered to open it on my way out, I would have forgotten this wretched incident and the tremendous fine I paid for the window.

What makes me especially bitter about insects is the way they take outrageous liberties with innocent human bodies. I don't mean just the vast horde of pests like mosquitoes which bite or sting, I mean like the grasshopper which one day decided to camp under my kurta when I was at a shop. I was by then at an age when I knew it was undignified to leap about and tear my clothes off in public so I thought for once I would be cool about it and just quietly make a grab for the animal and squash it coldbloodedly before it ran amok. The conversation proceeded thus: "Please may I have a packet of (grab, miss, grab again) naphthalene balls (clutch stomach), a tin of Flit (squeeze elbow frenziedly), a kilo of Baygon (karate shop on shoulder), 20 bottles of Tik-20 (grasshopper takes refuge in my bra, I start to wriggle sensuously) and a year's supply of DDT (gets under my armpit and tickles me till I giggle uncontrollably while surreptitiously trying to punch the armpit)." No wonder the shop attendant was looking at me curiously by the time I staggered out with my purchases, still slapping and twitching as nonchalantly as possible.

Cockroaches are immensely fearless: if you stamp your foot at one it charges straight at you, biting and snapping. They are formidably clever: they instinctively know when to freeze so that shortsighted people cannot see them and when to scuttle under the fridge or the 10 ton cupboard which cannot be moved. And they are absolutely indestructible: not only can they flatten themselves to tissue-paper thinness, they have even been known to withstand the atom bomb. Recently, when American scientists visited Bikini Atoll where the first A-bomb tests were held, they were amazed to discover two life forms which survived the radiation — rats and cockroaches.

Still, this must not deter one from eradicating these horrors from our personal lives even if it does seem they will outlive the human race. Over the centuries some ingenious techniques have evolved, including this one I heard of, where you leave a plate of dry cement and a saucer of water out at night. Along comes a young, hungry roach, all eager for a treat, and it hogs on the cement. This makes it thirsty so it crawls off for some water. Fifteen minutes later — instant cement-concrete cockroach!

A. Kaulumnisst

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All clever men are birds of prey.

English Proverb

If the human intellect functions, it is actually in order to solve the problems which the man's inner destiny sets it.

Jose Ortega Y. Gasset

It is so pleasant to come across people more stupid than ourselves. We love them at once for being so.

Jerome K. Jerome

Intelligence is characterised by a natural incomprehension of life.

Henri Bergson

Intelligence in chains loses in lucidity what it gains in intensity.

Albert Camus

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT INTELLIGENCE

The test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Generally among intelligent people are found nothing but paralytics and among men of action nothing but fools.

Andre Gide

An honest heart being the first blessing, a knowing head is the second.

Thomas Jefferson

The true, strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small.

Samuel Johnson

Everyone speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to say it of his head.

La Rochefoucauld

Intellect, without firmness, is craft and chicanery; and firmness, without intellect, perverseness and obstinacy.

Sa'di

'Tis the sharpness of our mind that gives the edge to our pains and pleasures.

Montaigne

David Gunston

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

MOONSET AT DAWN

We in filmdom go to bed by 2 a.m. That is not because we find something worthwhile in our bed, but because we do not have any convincing excuse to keep out of bed except perhaps lunacy. Last fortnight we not only got an excuse but a valid reason to wind up our caravan at moonset at 6 a.m., and I found out that the moon on the eve of full moon night, sets at 6 a.m. in the sea at Carter Road, Bandra.

It has the colour and size of the setting sun except its fire. It is like the sun out of deep freeze and not only did the moon linger and jump into the sea in front of Salim Khan's house, unnoticed by Salim, but the reason for our longer nights, Qateel Shifai, the poet from Pakistan, said that he had never seen an orange moon.

That night, after Ramanand Sagar, Shakila Banu, Qateel Saab felt so rejuvenated that we all moved to Bandra to watch the moon setting. Qateel Saab from Pakistan, Anwar, a Muslim from India, me, a rootless Gypsy and Meena Goel, a Jan Sanghi Hindu, the music was western — Lara's theme from "Dr. Zhivago".

That will be a dawn to remember.

These evenings began with Punjab Cultural Association programmes — Rajkavi Tulsi, with the sarsonka saag flavour to his poetry, Indiver reading some scientific-cum-philosophic verses (quotations from Plato, Socrates, etc).

The night would begin with a harmless dinner at Kamal Barot's home or Kalyanji-Anandji's, a second instalment of dinner at Chinese Gazebo in the dark before dawn, breakfast at Ramanand Sagar's house with that gorgeous Shakila Banu Bhopali more dressy than the salad. Constant tags to Qateel Saab were director Rajat Rakshak and cameraman Nag. Playback singer Anwar joined in with a harmonium somewhere along the way.

* * *

Babi continues to be mysterious. She was supposed to report for "Satte Pe Satta" shooting at N. C. Sippy's bungalow. She never turned up. It is confirmed now that her illness is not only mysterious but serious.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

In the International Year of the Child, Indus International, a cultural ladies' organisation, will present, "Ali Baba and the 40 Charsobees" in aid of local children's charities. Written and directed by Kamalini Parpia, with music composed by Annabel Mehta, the show, with a cast of forty children and thirty adults, promises to be a spectacular musical treat for the entire family.

Performances will be held at the Sophia Bhabha Hall on November 28, 29 and 30 and the tickets will be on sale from November 19 at Rhythm House, Kala Ghoda.

* * *

A unique fund-raising programme was held by the Revenue Unit of the National Association for the Blind recently.

A trip to Poona and back to Bombay was organised on the "Help the Blind", NAB Special, a super classless train specially chartered for the event. Tickets were for Rs. 100 and guaranteed free entry to passengers into the Pune racecourse for the Governor's Cup race meeting. Delicious refreshments from Monginis, and cold drinks were on sale during the journey. There were special bogies reserved for card-players at an extra charge of Rs. 10.

The proceeds will go towards welfare projects for rehabilitating and educating the 9 million blind in India. Among those who travelled in the special were Mr. Ram Batra, Sheriff of Bombay; Mr. Vijay Merchant, President of NAB, Mrs. Bakul Patel, Chairman of the Revenue Unit, and Mr. Rajni Patel.

* * *

The foundation laying ceremoney of the Home for the aged, "ASHIANA" was held by the President and the members of the Women's Welfare Society of the Diocese of Bombay at All Saints Home recently. Chief Guest Mrs. Zehra Ali Yavar Jung laid the foundation stone.

The Women's Welfare Society for the Diocese of Bombay is a charitable institution and runs a hostel for working girls and a Home for aged women. The hostel as well as the Home are cosmopolitan in nature. At present there are 84 working girls in the hostel and 36 old women in the Home for the aged. In order to meet the present demand for the Home for the aged, the society has taken up the project of constructing one more building, "ASHIANA". The cost of this building based on the present constructional cost is approximately Rs. 10 lakhs and when completed will accommodate another 60 aged women in the building.

* * *

Baby Chic is holding an exhibition of exclusive children's garments and accessories, on November 22, 23 and 24 at the Cymroza Art Gallery. Over 500 children's garments, including party wear and casual wear, will be exhibited. The children's accessories will include children's mattresses, nappies, handkerchiefs, etc. The garments and the children's accessories have been designed exclusively by Dr. (Mrs.) Nalini Batra and Mrs. Poonam Gupta. Much of the stitching has been done by widows and other deprived women from the Wada-

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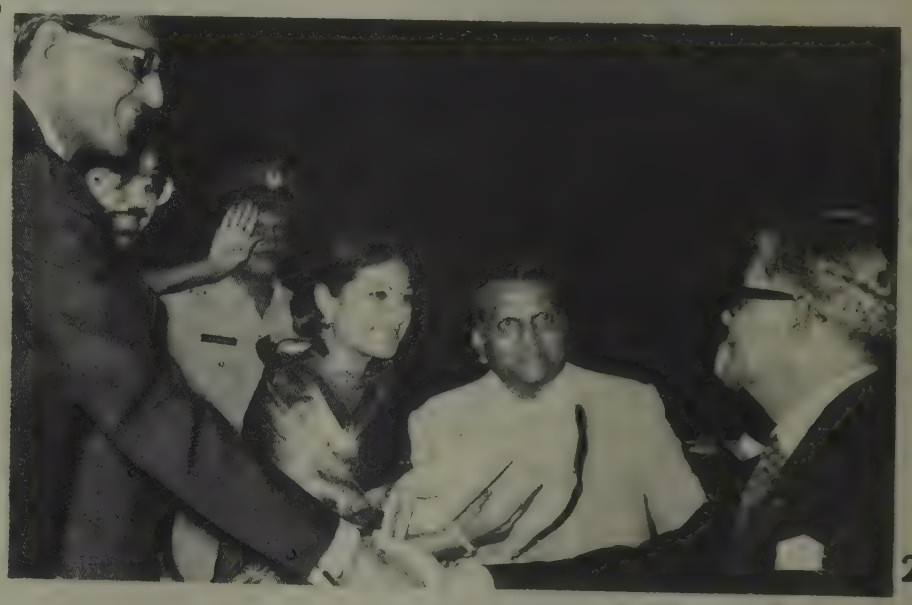

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1. Mr. Ramakrishna Bajaj, Mg. Direc. Bajaj Electricals; Mrs. Pratibha Pawar and Mrs. Suman Jain seen at the Kamalnayan Bajaj Art Gallery at the prize distribution function of a photography competition held in Bombay recently.

2. At the Beauty Contest and Fashion Show organised by Eve's Weekly and Shri Ambica Mills in Bangalore, the Governor, Mr. Govind Narain (extreme right) was the Chief Guest. Seen receiving him are (from left) Mr. J. C. Jain, Publisher and Chief Executive, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Mr. M. Harivallabhdas, Mg. Director of Shri Ambica Mills, and Mrs. Harivallabhdas.

3. Sunita Gogri of Bhavan's Hazarimal Somani College of Commerce and Science, speaking at an inter-collegiate debate organised by the Rotary Club of Bombay.

4

la slum. Part of the proceeds will be donated to charity.

* * *

The Buyer-Seller & Consumer Protection Committee of the Rotary Club of Bombay organised an inter-collegiate debate on "Customer is always short-changed by the shopkeeper and has no protection," at the Government Law College auditorium. Fifteen leading colleges in Bombay participated in this debate. The winners were presented with the Bombay Mercantile Co-op. Bank Rotating Shield. Individual prizes were also presented.

CALCUTTA

The Jaycees of Calcutta held their first-ever Jaycee Queen Contest and a fashion show of dresses exported from India by "Cotton Closet". The judges were Mamta Shankar, the well known actress, Dipak Rudra, IAS, Secretary to the Governor of West Bengal, and Indrajit Choudhury, Dist. Magistrate, 24-Parganas. Mrs. Lina Bhatia was adjudged the Jaycee Queen and Miss Brenda Stockoe and Mrs. Omana Kodakanal were first and second runners-up. The function was organized as a fund-raising programme to build a Homeo Clinic and aid the community projects undertaken by the Jaycees.

* * *

The Lions Club International Dist 322B organised a seminar on the rehabilitation of the handicapped at the Oberoi Grand. Mother Teresa inaugurated the seminar in which problems of the deaf and dumb, the spastics, the leprosy and tuberculosis patients and the crippled were discussed.

* * *

"Gana Sangeet" or folk songs, were presented by Hemanta Biswas and his group at Mahajati Sadan. Among the songs rendered on stage were the ones written by Nazim Hikmat protesting against the treatment by the US government of Paul Robson, and the one sung by Mr. Biswas on the devastation of Hiroshima.

MADRAS

To celebrate the International Year of the Child, the Lioness Club of Madras, District 324A and the Andhra Mahila Sabha jointly organised a unique baby show at which the Minister for Social Welfare, Selvi P. T. Saraswathy, was the chief guest. District Governor R. Subramaniam presided. Miss Eva Mathew, Associate Chairman, Lioness Club, introduced the chief guest. Dr. Pavan Bai of the Andhra Mahila Sabha welcomed the gathering. A quiz for mothers on baby health was also held.

POPPETS ON PARADE

We have had overwhelming response to the Poppets on Parade feature, which we published in the September and October issues of Eve's Weekly. The deadline for accepting photographs was August 31, 1979 as announced. We regret that we cannot publish photographs, received after that date. Nor, unfortunately, can we undertake to return unused photographs.

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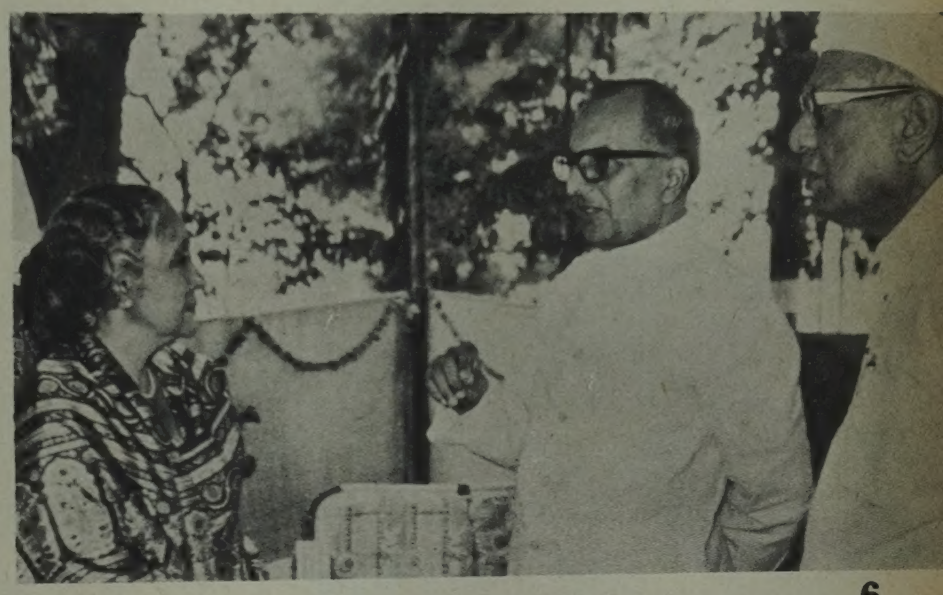

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4. At the installation ceremony of the Inner Wheel Club, Kanpur, are seen (from left) Mrs. S. Jaiswal, Mrs. U. Tandon; and chief guest Mrs. Saroj Lalwani.

5. Mr. and Mrs. M. Harivallabhdas seen receiving the Governor, Mr. K. C. Abraham, who was the Chief Guest at the Beauty Contest and Fashion Show in Hyderabad, organised by Eve's Weekly and Shri Ambica Mills.

6. Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, Governor, (left) arranged a get-together at Ahmedabad recently. Also seen are (from left) Mr. Justice B. J. Diwan of Gujarat High Court, and Mr. I. Patel, Vice-chancellor, Agriculture university.

7. The members of Madras Ladies Circle No. 2, fed a number of poor children recently. The amount was donated by a member of the Circle in England.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK NOV. 25 — DEC. 1.

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A varied year, when you will definitely be revising some of your plans and methods. However, guard against hasty decisions and actions, impulsive words, change for the sake of change. Be cautious when contemplating fresh moves. Planets clustered on the midheaven of your Solar chart will bring career opportunities or, if a housewife, a chance to raise living standards through the improved fortunes of your man. If single, plenty of romantic opportunities too and a lively social scene. Friendships will be important towards the end of 1980: it could be a case of who you know being more valuable than what you do!

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

News from a relative or from a business colleague involving changes should benefit you. In fact, you have a progressive few months ahead and can afford to be optimistic. New friendships will be fortunate for you.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

You have a busy period, but don't neglect the lighter side of life. Meetings this week can lead to romance in early 1980, if single. Should you have had personal disappointments recently, there are happier signs over a lengthy period with Jupiter in pleasing aspect to Taurus.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

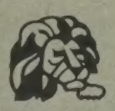
Current problems fade after mid-week. News —or money — that has been delayed will come. Make the most of this relatively tranquil period which takes you to mid-December. As Christmas draws near the scene will again be hectic, so prepare well in advance.

CANCER

(June 22 — JULY 23)

A somewhat unsatisfactory period lasting for some weeks with minor problems in close relationships and let-downs. But guard against becoming over-sensitive, for people will be thoughtless, rather than selfish. Allow for extra financial outgoings.

LEO



(July 24 — Aug 23)

A super week for love and the social scene. There will be some unusual entertainments, pleasant invitations. If single, new meetings. Also parties, outdoor activities. Little strokes of luck, and recent hard work should bring reward.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Life is very satisfactory for quite some time to come. If heart-free, a new attachment will begin suddenly. A steady rise in your income, your prospects, over the next several months is indicated.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Fast tempo of activities will bring involvement with friends, family, colleagues. There is luck in travel, new scenes, new contacts. Keep on the move for success. Home life is well starred; it is a good time for family plans, for buying equipment.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

The first half of the week is romantic, the second half lucky for money. Move about if single and in the mood to form new links. If married, encourage your partner in his/her ambitions. Send off important letters, carry out the changes you have planned.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Happy news is on the way and anything unusual which occurs this week has a beneficial effect. If you are rethinking your plans, they will be workable. If you have begun a fresh endeavour, you will realise the benefits of this.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Venus brings a loving and lucky influence for your affairs, heralding a rewarding period. Businesswise, plans will move forward, probaby due to a colleague's influence. If single, romance will be in the air.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

A special plan or ambition can reach fulfilment after periods of doubt in the past year. New possibilities help you to follow your inclinations. However, it might not be until early 1980 that your ideas are settled.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

You face little problems for a time, but don't take these too seriously. People will be perverse, difficult to please. If you are not already in a strenuous period, this is on the way, so be prepared. However, happier times will follow.

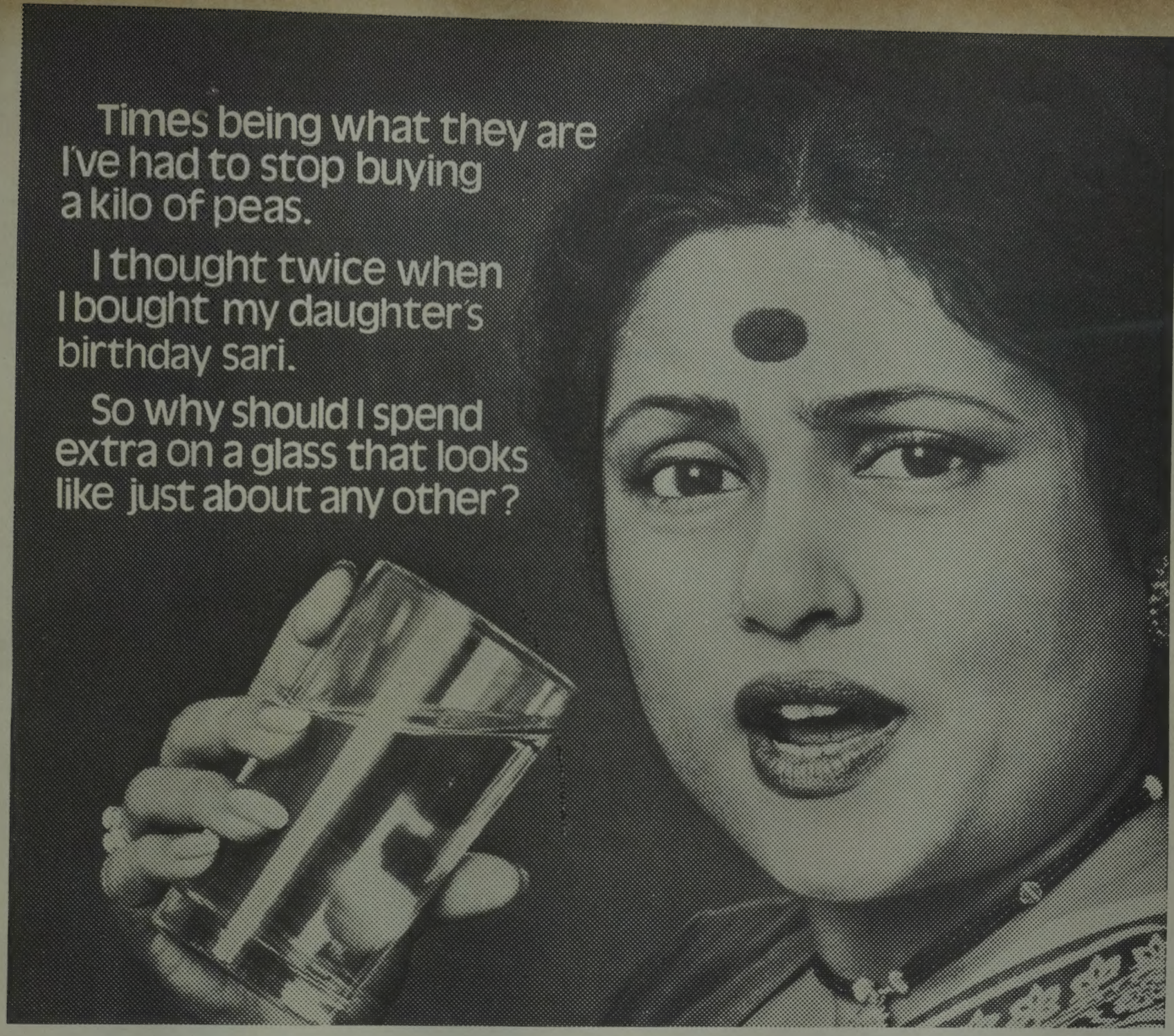
Eve's Weekly

Quiz: NEW SERIES No. 7

"HEGMAN"

1. Two distinguished visitors to New York in the first fortnight of October this year, made speeches before the U.N. General Assembly. Name them. (Clue: One was a religious leader, the other a leftist head of state).
2. The film "A Bridge Too Far" is based on a famous novel of the same name. Who wrote the novel?
3. Two individuals shared the Lenin Peace Prize of 1961. One was African leader Kwame Nkrumah, the other an internationally renowned painter. Name him.
4. Three countries have made commercial passenger aircraft capable of supersonic speed. Name the countries.
5. The hundredth year of a famous invention was celebrated in October this year. What was the invention and who was the man responsible for it?
6. Which African country has a capital named after an American President?
7. Bengal, Andhra Pradesh and Tamil Nadu are three States with a coastline on the Bay of Bengal. Name the State and Union Territory which also have this coastline.
8. Which cricketer won the 1975 Arjuna Award for his exploits in cricket?
9. Which great explorer gave the name "Golden Gate" to the strait between the Pacific and San Francisco Bay, and was also the first Englishman to sail around the world?
10. What heavenly body moves with the Chandler Wobble?
11. What name is given to the highest order of mammals?
12. Which religious reformer nailed 95 theses on a church door in Germany in 1517?

This is the seventh of the new series of our monthly Quiz contests with a prize of Rs. 200 for the winner, that is, the person who sends an all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided between them. The deadline for the answers is December 14, 1979.


Times being what they are
I've had to stop buying
a kilo of peas.
I thought twice when
I bought my daughter's
birthday sari.
So why should I spend
extra on a glass that looks
like just about any other?

Because Yera is the difference that the eye can't see!

Yera's Colour Variation Polariscope sees minute stresses which can develop into cracks that the eye can't see.

What most people consider an extravagant waste of time, is where Yera's quality control begins. A great deal of care is taken for accuracy in visual inspection. But that's only the beginning. The colour variation polariscope pinpoints stresses and inconsistencies which no human eye can spot but which significantly alter the quality and life of a glass.

Yera's Thermal Shock Test subjects glass to a wide range of temperature variation...so that it can withstand any normal shocks you give it.

How often have you poured hot liquid into a glass and seen it crack in front of your eyes? This rarely happens with Yera. The coefficient of expansion has been thoroughly tested to remove all possible accidents. This is merely one of the ways in which Yera ensures sturdy, reliable long-lived glass.

There is no copyright on design... but it's not so simple to imitate quality.

Yera has always been an innovator in design. And you know how it is with success. A fast selling design usually produces a flood of imitations. But the precision and high technical expertise that lead to fine quality are not so easy to imitate. That is why branded buying makes good sense. In the long run you get what you pay for.

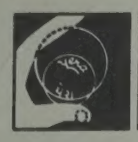
Sometimes you have to pay a little more to save money.

In the long run quality pays. It pays in freedom from chipping and cracking. It pays in freedom from easy breakages. It pays in terms of longer life... a life that is guaranteed by over 30 years of glass making experience...Experience you can count on.

Yera

Six months later you'll be glad you bought Yera!

Manufactured by Alembic Glass Industries Limited, Baroda.



Look for the Yera mark at the bottom—

your guarantee of superb quality

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HAT IS REALLY HEALTH

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AFGHAN

ANTISEPTIC CREAM

A non-greasy, non-sticky cream like Afghan Snow with added medicated action. Regular use keeps the skin fair, smooth and healthy. Ideal for after shave use.

The complete way to care for your skin

AMC/T